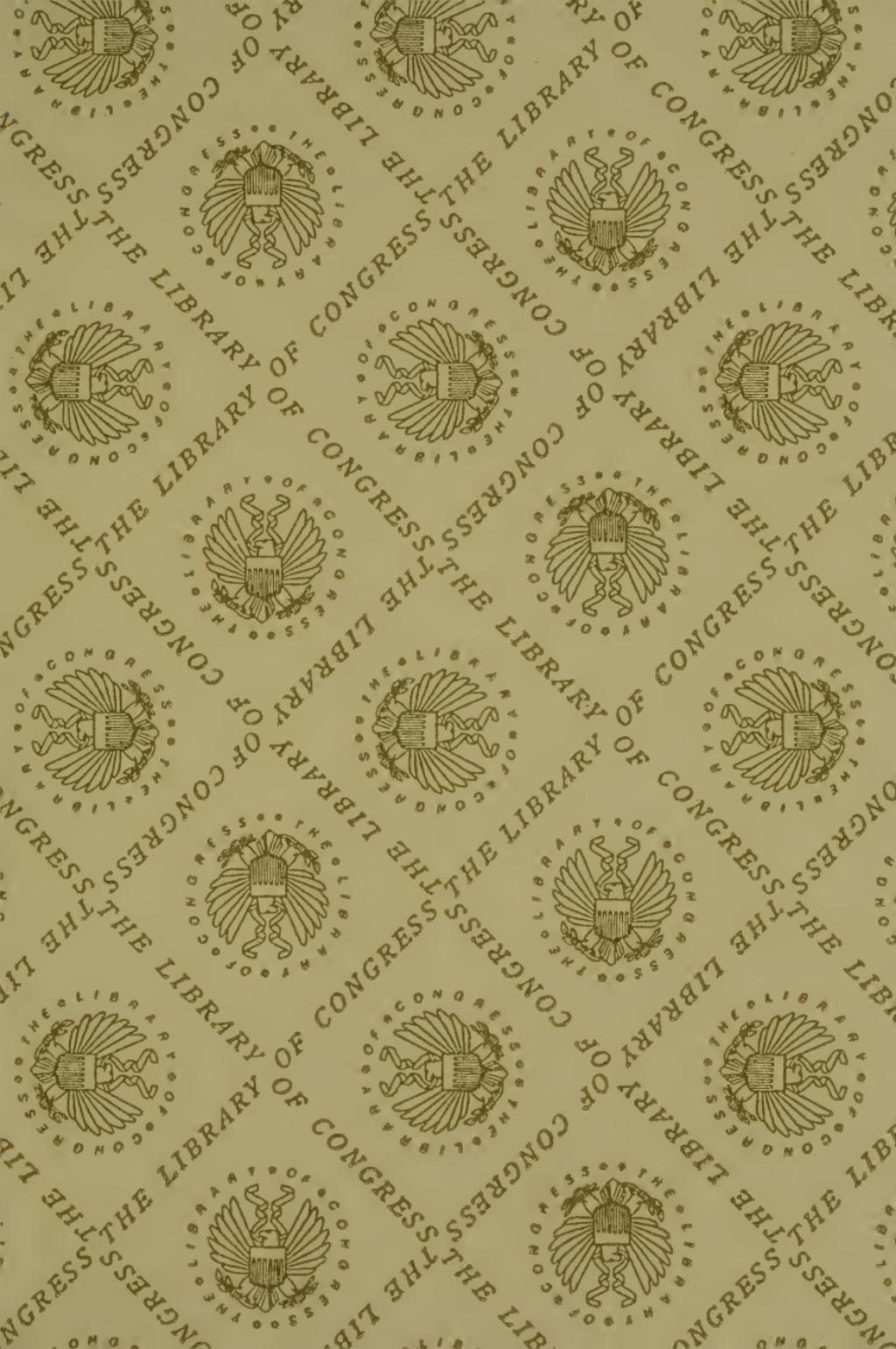


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MORNING

AND

EVENING:

BY

JOSEPH E. DAWLEY.

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FALL RIVER, MASS.

ALMY & MILNE:

1887.

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WITH KIND WISHES,
THIS
LITTLE VOLUME OF POEMS
IS
LOVINGLY DEDICATED
To My Friends.

Accept the little songs I sing,—
Sing in an unpretentious way:
Accept the sprigs of bloom I bring,
They are the heart's bouquet.

MORNING.

GOOD morning, friends, good morning !
The sun is bright, the sky is fair,
And there is beauty everywhere
In youthful life abounding ;
Give laughing Joy a chance to play,
The evening is not far away,
Good morning !

MY PRAYER.

[Written on my Eleventh Birthday.]

NOT to be great, do I aspire,
Nor to be rich is my desire,
But to do, humbly, all I can
For GOD and for my brother Man ;
This is my prayer : God helping me,
A child, a man I'll try to be.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

WITH teeming thoughts and memories,
We started on our way,
As in the east the rosy light
Proclaimed the new-born day ;
Slow rolled the cumbrous coach along
O'er road as rough as drear,
And brought us to the spot, at last,
To memory so dear.

And there it stood, the Old Homestead,
Just as it stood of yore,
The green vines climbing up its sides,
And blooming round the door ;
The birds sang in the same old trees,—
Their melody the same
As when, at first, beneath their shade,
Long years ago we came.

The sloping roof, moss-covered o'er,
The windows low and small,
The modest picket fence, the lawn,
Our boyhood days recall ;
Not far away, among the trees,
The village church is seen,
And further down the winding road,
Appears the village green.

We see the distant sleeping hills,
The forests where we played,
The same green tempting meadows where
Our childish footsteps strayed ;
And in the vale the little stream
Runs on in ceaseless flow,
And leaps and foams, and laughs and sings
The same as years ago.

Behind the church, where yonder elm
Its lengthened shadow throws
Across the old, familiar way,
The village dead repose ;

With measured steps we take our way
Adown the grassy lane,
And tread, once more, the sacred spot
We may not tread again.

Since last we trod these shady walks,
Long years have come and fled,
And most who gathered with us then
Are numbered with the dead ;
And other footsteps now are heard,
And stranger faces dwell
Within the little cottage home
In youth we loved so well.

Deem it not weakness if the eye
The feeling heart betrays,
For here are sleeping those with whom
We walked in other days ;
The good, whose noble virtues blessed
And beautified their lives ;
The loved, whose pure affection still
The lapse of years survives.

How like a dream of yesterday
The whole of life appears,
As here we stand upon the steep
Declivity of years,
And trace in each familiar scene
Some vision of the past,
As o'er the present, by-gone years
Their golden shadows cast!

Ah ! true it is, our boyhood days
Are but the prophecy,
The sunny cast or shady type
Of other days to be ;
Fulfilled to-day, how sweet the thoughts
Which mingle with our tears,
As rushing o'er the mind there comes
The memory of years !

As genial skies and warming suns,
The dews and gentle showers,
From winter's cold and icy breast,
Bring back the sunny flowers,

So, after many years have gone
Of mingled joys and pain,
We seem, our youthful days reviewed,
To live our life again.

Time hastens with unfaltering speed,
Spring, summer, autumn goes ;
The parting hour will come at last,
As come the winter snows.
Home of our boyhood, dear old home,
The spot we loved so well,
We part—forever it may be ;
Yet, ere we go—farewell !

Dear Father! hear to-day the prayer
Of thankfulness we raise,
And sweeten memory with love
The remnant of our days !
And when at last, life's journey done,
The “shining shore” we see,
“Beyond the river” may we find
A better home with Thee !

THE MEADOW BROOK.

DOWN through the meadow it runs along,
Free as a blessing, sweet as a song,
Now with a ripple, now with a dash,
Over the pebbles with foaming splash,
Merry and happy, I hear it sing,
Soft as a bird in early spring.

As crystal its waters are bright and clear,
Singing, singing to heart and ear,
Never a moment stopping to think
Who is treading its flowery brink,
But foaming, laughing, leaping along,
To the notes of its own sweet silv'ry song.

Sweet is the flow of the meadow stream,
Like to the something we sometimes dream
When the soul is in tune, and the heart aright,
And the beautiful River of Life in sight,
And there comes to our senses the music of love
From the glorified ones in the mansion above.

Busy its waters unceasingly roll,
A beautiful type of a dutiful soul,
Wearying never, but patient and true,
Doing the work it is called to do ;
The type of a dutiful soul, we say,
Praising the Lord in its own sweet way !

THE SABBATH.

SWEET day ! the soul, on gentle wings,
Uprises from its couch of night,
And, soaring heavenward, sweetly sings
In depths of calmer light.

O, who would break the pleasant spell,
The holy Sabbath day inspires,
Or who, for filthy lucre, sell
His birthright of desires !

O, linger yet ! so sweet, so calm,
Have been to me those Sabbath hours,
It seems that some diviner psalm
Has quickened all my powers !

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

SOFTLY the sun shines to-day,
Warming the garden and lawn,
But we miss the fragrance of yesterday,
For the apple blossoms are gone.

But the trees are green and strong,
And as sweetly the robins sing,
And the sturdy branches will bend ere long,
With the fruit of their blossoming.

But never the trees will bear,
Under the warming sun,
And fed by the breath of the life-giving air,
Till the blossoms their work have done.

Study the lesson with care
Which the apple blossoms bring—
That the fruit our after-lives shall bear,
May depend on their blossoming.

LOVE SEED.

WHO stands beside the way that leads
By churches topped with turrets high,
Sees where are freely sown the seeds
To bloom and ripen, or to die.

And he may reason there, and well,
And think in silence thoughts that may
Become the living words which tell
How he was led aright, astray.

Who tries to handle as a toy
The costliness ignored, or most,
A simple, noble-hearted boy,
Had better pause and count the cost.

Chaff, child, is sown among the seeds,
As poison thrives where sweets abound,
And sounding, empty, barren creeds
May live where little love is found.

Love touches every human need,
And ripens into fruit of gold,
And better far this *little seed*
Than all the rubrics, new or old.

D I S C O N T E N T.

“ **A** H me !” he sighs, unhappy boy,
To see the frowning clouds again ;
And, thinking of his play-hour joy,
Poor fellow ! hopes it will not rain ;
Not thinking that the drooping flowers
Are praying for the summer showers.

“ Come, let us get the trees behind,”
Says Johnnie Jenks to Willie May ;
“ How hot it is ! Oh, I must find
A shadier place than this to play ;
I wish the strong north wind would blow !
I should be happier, I know.”

The morrow came ; it was not clear,
And strong and cold the north wind blew ;
Said Johnny then, “ O dear ! O dear !
I wish 'twas yesterday, don't you ?
How cold it is out here to play !
I wish we had the sun to-day.”

The boy was human, just the same,
And men are boys, and every day,
And, on the road to wealth or fame,
Or in life's playgrounds, sharp at play ;
And Mr. Muddle little thinks
How much he is like Johnny Jenks.

Love, gratitude, are most forgot ;
And, though we may not act it out,
Like boys, we murmur at our lot,
And feel, like them, to fret and pout ;
When cold, we wish it hot, and then
When hot we wish it cold again.

We are but older boys at best,
Though not as frank, may be, as they,
But, just like them, we cannot rest
To have it as it is to-day ;
Not satisfied with what is sent,
We show, like boys, our discontent.

JOHN BENSON.

“WHO was John Benson?” Let me tell,
For I knew the good man—knew
him well;
Revered him greatly and loved him much,
For his life, and great, kind heart, and such;
He was a man as old as you
When I was a boy of twelve and two,
And never approached me but he said:
“God bless you, my boy!” with his hand on
my head.

He lived in a cottage (there was no street)
Close by the hill where the two roads meet,
And, when united, leading down,
In a zigzag way, to the little town,
Or village, perhaps, I should have said,
With houses painted white and red;
Around which gardens and walks were seen,
With patches of vine and bloom between.

He lived alone, for he lost his wife,
He told me, “in early wedded life;”
And well I knew that she was dear,
By the trembling lip and falling tear,

And the faltering way in which he said,
As he laid his big hand on my head :
“ ‘Tis a long, long story, but she has gone.
With the babe of love that to us was born.”

“ She sleeps out there !”—and he pointed me
To two green graves just under the tree
But a few rods off from the public way,
Where the wife of his love and her new-born
The old man wept, and somehow, I [lay;
Felt the moisture welling from heart to eye;
And so, to hide what I felt, I said :
“ How long, Mr. Benson, have they been dead ?”

“ A long, long time ; the years have flown,
The vines have clambered, the trees have
grown,
And my hair, you see, has become quite gray
Since wife and baby were laid away ;
Some twenty years, I think, or more,
Since they left this, for the other shore ;
But I see *her* now, and she looks as fair
As she did in our little home up there.”

Still went the romping seasons, still
The roses blossomed by yonder hill,
And John was working, in and out,
On the farms which lay the town about ;
Contented and calm, but nursing his woe
As last I saw him years ago ;
And the two old graves looked just as green
As when I saw them a boy of fourteen.

“ What more can I tell ? ” A Christian indeed
Was good John Benson, but not of a creed
Old-fashioned or new ; but laid on the shelf
Such bones of contention, and thought for
himself.

He loved God supremely—who can do more ?
And shared with the needy his humble store ;
And ate of the manna which comes from above,
And practised the God-required duties of love.

The “ cup of cold water,” in charity given,
To him was a far better passport to heaven
Than the ticket which so many creed-mongers
flout

In the face of the world, with the other left out.

No hate in his heart, but love was there,
And “ *What can I do?*” was the soul of his
prayer ; [cheer
Not for self, but for others, who most need the
We cannot withhold, with the hope to go clear
When the summers and winters of life are past,
And we meet up yonder, or somewhere, at last,
And the all-seeing, man-loving Christos shall
move [improve!
For the treasures he gave us on earth to

John Benson is dead ! he died years agone !
But his long life of goodness, of purity born,
The wedded affection, cemented with tears,
He showed for his wife, through the lengthen-
ing years,
His many rough virtues, his honest intent,
Appearing the same wheresoever he went,
His faith, his religion, his unsullied name,
Like so many sweet Benedictions, remain !

THE UNKIND WORD.

BE careful lest you mar the vase;
Your thoughtless, heedless handling stay;
For should you tear one sprig away,
The piece you never can replace.

The picture hanging on the wall,
And looking down upon us now,
If you should maim the boyish brow,
The look would never come at all.

With kindness answer love's appeal,
And meet it with affection's kiss;
Be loving, and remember this—
An injured heart you cannot heal.

And, oh, be careful what you say!
The *unkind word* to injure said,
Will, like a poisoned arrow, sped,
Where it was sent, forever stay.

WILLIE MAY.

OVER the hills, and nestling down
In a smiling valley of some renown,
On which falls, softly, the morning light,
Stands a little village of houses white ;
A dozen or two, or three, or more,
And a little church and a single store ;
And, standing alone, near the old highway,
A district school house, cold and gray.

And, westward stretching, the green hills rise
As if they wanted to kiss the skies,
And adown the valley a laughing stream
Runs on like the flow of a beautiful dream,
And full of melody, soft and mild
As the made-up song of a happy child ;
Cooling the air as it runs away
To be lost in the deeps of the distant bay.

On the sleeping hill-sides, grasses grow,
By the stream the sweet wild roses blow,
And adown the valley and through the dell
Rings sweetly the ancient village bell.

And smiling over the little town
The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And the villagers labor in calm content,
As though to make most of life they meant.

A little cottage stands out in the shade
Which the beautiful green, spreading trees
have made,
Where lived, and his face I still can see,
A lad, who, in youth was dear to me ;
The pet of the household, frail and fair,
With soft blue eyes, and curly hair,
And bright and sunny, happy and gay
As the sweetest hours of a summer's day.

He was kind to all, to all was free,
And just as loving as he could be,
And you might travel the village round,
But just such another could not be found ;
He labored that all his love might share,
At home, at school, and everywhere. [see
And the villagers, bless them, were proud to
What a noble lad he had come to be.

And every day, as they saw him go
To school, through the smiling vale below,
Something told them that Willie May
Was too good long on this earth to stay;
So they, sorrowing, watched him, day by day,
As the roses fled from his face away,
And the bright, glad smile he used to wear
Had gone, and left but a shadow there.

Smilingly, hopefully Willie would go
To the village school in the vale below,
With his loving schoolmates, full of glee,
And happy as girls and boys can be;
Singing, or dreaming the beautiful dreams
Which a part of every sweet, child-nature
seems,
Nor thought they once, as they hurried by,
That their playmate dear was soon to die.

Sing, children! to-day in your happiness sing,
For little you know what the morrow may
bring!
Your playmate is going, be kind as you may,
For nothing the death-angel's summons can
stay.

No cure for the dear one, no remedy here,
And the end of the pride of the village is near ;
The boat of the angel is moored by the shore,
And the boatman is waiting to carry him o'er.

When summer came her gifts to bring,
And sing farewell to her sister spring,
When roses were blossoming, sweet and fair,
And filling with delicate perfume the air,
In the little cottage, beside the hill,
Sat many true mourners, and tearfully still,
In the sweet little home where peacefully lay
All that was mortal of Willie May.

We ask in our sorrow and blindness, why,
Why is it so that the good must die,
While those who have only been sources of pain
Are allowed in this beautiful world to remain ?
Then fold up our hands, for no answer appears,
And wait for the future revealings; in tears ;
What the preacher has said I believe to be so :
“ They are not in the kind of condition to go.”

Since then, in peace, above the sleeping dead,
With little change, swift-footed years have fled,
The little village, in the sunset glow,
Looks just the same as twenty years ago;
The wild rose blossoms by the same old stream
Upon whose banks I dreamed, ah! many a
dream,
And, bending down, two weeping willows
sweep
The green-clad grave where Willie's ashes
sleep.

The valley flings its kisses to the sun,
The boys and girls along the highways run,
Love nestles sweetly at the cottage door,
And sings the same old song it sang before :
And rings the same, the same old village bell,
Its echoes sounding through the sleeping dell,
And men and women loitering by the way,
Still speak their loving words of Willie May.

SUMMER MUSINGS BY THE SEA.

I look on the face of the sunlit bay
And see the waves their gambols play,
 And the hungry sea-gulls fly,
See where the lines of dark blue reach
Till they kiss the shores of the sandy beach,
 Where the broken sea-shells lie,
While the headland its sombre shadow throws
Across the chasm of dark repose.

A sense of solitude over me creeps
As I look below on the craggy steeps,
 And out on the sandy shore,
And see the blue waves coming in
And hear the murmuring, solemn din
 That ends in a deafening roar,
And I think how near to our peacefulness lay
The terrors which hurry us into dismay.

An oak, through which the tempests of heaven,
Like demons, have played, but left it unripen,
 Still wooes to its welcome shade,
While the rocks below, the symbols of strength,

Have lost their fibre and yielded at length
To the rents the waves have made;
And, musing, I learn, that, after all
The weakest are not the first to fall.

Over the sand-bar, silent and still,
A ship is drifting, as drift they will,
 Sailing, sailing, but sailing slow,
Sailing, but where we do not know,
Sailing, but scarcely seeming to go,
 As they will, when the winds are low,
And I ask, as I see it tack and turn,
From sailing away, will it ever return?

And here, by the seaside, sit I still,
And look at the white clouds over the hill,
 Sailing away, and east or west,
While the sun, as smiling as it can be,
Shines down on the tempting, treacherous sea,
 Sublime in its dread unrest;
But the ship that was sailing adown the bay,
Across the sand bar, has faded away.

Faded away ! but the sea flows on,
Though the sailing ship from our sight has gone,
 Flows on in its majesty ;
And the ship that sailed the day before,
Is sailing still to an unknown shore,
 And sailing an unknown sea,
And as the lights in the lighthouse burn,
I am asking again, will it ever return ?

And then came the lesson,—sailing, are we,
Sailing away on an unknown sea,
 With billows and breakers ahead ;
Sailing away, under skies of blue,
Sailing away, with the port in view,
 The landing we all must tread,
For the grave is the goal we all shall reach—
Is the lesson the sailing ship should teach.

We start on the day, with the morning sun,
And scarce have the pleasures of life begun
 Ere clouds sweep our summer sky,
And our blossoming hopes, like so many joys,

Now scattered and broken as gossamer toys,
Like wrecks on the seashore lie,
And the promises, all, we from hopefulness
borrow
To-day, are gone on the coming to-morrow.

Roll sea, roll on ! beneath the blue skies,
On thy bosom, the spell of uncertainty lies,
And doubts with our hopefulness blend,
While the winds for the moment, have folded
their wings,
In tranquil enjoyment the voyager sings,
And waits for his journey to end,
Nor thinks, that, while singing the danger is
near [fear.

That shall turn all his beautiful dreamings to

The day is departing, good-by to the tree,
That has given me shelter a day by the sea,

Good-by to the soft blue skies !

I feel that my musings, this sweet summer day,
Some of my sorrow have taken away,

And gently opened my eyes [more,
To take in the prospect that lightens, and
That brightens the view of eternity's shore.

DOGMA TISM.

NO, no ! 'tis nothing that we need,
Its having but engenders strife ;
Away with it, from church and creed,
Away with it, from faith and life !

Let love be sweetest and supreme !
Nor sow, broadcast, dogmatic seed ;
But in your living so demean,
That help shall come to you in need.

Throw sounding dictums to the dogs,
No cheer to life do they impart,
Your cherished dogma only clogs
Or freezes goodness in the heart.

Make this the rule of life, to wit,—
To do for truth the best you can,
Love God supremely, and make it
Lead to the better love of man.

For love encompasseth the whole
Of Christian faith and Christian sense ;
This is its center, this its soul,
And its circumference.

CHARACTER.

BUILD slow, build firm, and build with care,
Nor seek to soar on waxen wings ;
Of false ambition's lures beware,
Nor spurn the day of little things ;
Be sure, that without constant toil,
The weeds will grow on every soil.

Let love of riches never lead
Your feet in paths of wrong to stray,
Nor let the tempting lures of greed
Entice you from the better way ;
Who tempts you, crooked paths to go,
Be firm, be true, and answer—No !

Should poverty your door assail,
Wait, wait in hope, a little while,
And you shall over want prevail ;
So meet it with a manly smile,
And, like a hero work away,—
For honest industry will pay.

The vine grows slowly, still it grows
In fiber, vigor, beauty, strength,
And in God's time it buds and blows
And brings forth ripened fruit at length ;
So character, full grown, shall be
A fruitful vine to you and me.

Behold ! while love of riches, show,
And wrong into dishonor leads,
There is, who moveth still and slow
Along the line of human needs,
The Unseen, who if sought will be
Than brother more to you and me.

Poor, brother, poor and weak are we,
But honest effort is not lost,
And God is good, and He can see
Just where temptation hurts us most,
And to our rescue come, if we
Are striving honest men to be.

Be sure of this, temptation will,
In varied forms of dark and light,
Waylay and try with subtle skill,
To win us from the path of right ;

And so keep building, build with care,
And of all devil-wiles beware.

Build slow, build sure, nor fear to fall ;
Let riches go, nor care for fame ;
Better in poverty to toil,
Than leave behind a blasted name ;
Better, a thousand times to die
While life is pure, than *live a lie*.

The wrong a watchful world shall brand
As hateful, mean ; bad men shall quail
And fall ; but character shall stand
When riches, fame and glory fail ;
And be you high, or be you low,
Shall win respect from friend and foe.

Strength, durability, belong
To character ; and, when once made,
Twill stand, and like a temple, strong,
With walls of granite underlaid ;
Aye, stand when coming to the shore
Where creeds and rubrics are no more.

BY THE RIVER.

DEAR faces are near me, sweet voices I
As backward my memories run, [hear,
And I stand by the deep, flowing river to-day,
In the cool of the December sun.

I think of the time when a light-hearted boy
I fished from the bridge by the mill,
Or sat on the storm-beaten rock over there,
Just under the shade of the hill.

I think of the dear ones who gathered with me,
And dreamed, too, the sweetest of dreams,
Till the present is lost in the folds of the past,
And the past all the pleasanter seems.

The fairies which haunted these sylvan retreats,
Or peopled my credulous brain, [youth,
Have vanished and gone like the dreams of my
But the scenes of their gambols remain.

The moon-lighted grotto of beauty and love,
Bewitching appears as of yore, [elfs,
And the rock by the river where gathered the
Looms up just the same from the shore.

And oft, with the boys, have I stolen away,
To the bridge, as the night was advancing,
And looked, if the fairies we could see,
On the rock in the moonlight dancing.

As I gaze on these scenes of my young life
I scarce can restrain me from weeping, [again,
For the stories and legends I heard when a boy,
Are still kept in holiest keeping.

Reflection is sweet as I stand here to-day,
In the silence of crumbling decay,
For this was the valley of beauty to me
In the morning of Life's blooming May.

The "Grotto of Beauty" and "Love Side" re-
The "Elf Way" and "Lulilla's Cave," [main,
But the voices which rung through the "Valley
of Love,"
Are hushed in the sleep of the grave.

The scene of my sporting, the old mill, remains,
Though torn by the storm and the gale,
And the miller's white cottage looks just as it
But its inmates repose in the vale. [did,

Dear faces are near me, sweet voices I hear,
As backward my memories run,
And I stand by the deep, flowing river to-day,
In the cool of the December sun.

N O W.

A delicate, gossamer thread,
Too fine for us to see,
Is running along the lines of time,
And into eternity.

As fall our regretful tears
Into the soundless sea,
Joy may crimson the face of love
With a blush for you and me.

The tones of the village bell,
Up in the old church tower,
And the tick, tick, of the mantel clock,
Tell of the passing hour.

Dimpled with rosy smiles,
Or sobered by sorrow's tears,
Time is, time was, has been the song—
The sounding song of the years.

The yesterdays, cloudy or clear,
Forever from us have fled ;
And we catch the breath of the fragrant past,
Though the blossoming vine be dead. .

Life's gossamer thread is running
The past and the present through,
And the dot of time, the little *now*,
Is hanging between the two.

With promises sweet and fair
The future may seem to be,
But little they matter, the *now* is all
That is left for you and me.

Live not on what you have done,
Nor plans for the morrow lay,
With head and hand, and heart and mind,
Work Godward and manward to-day !

CREDENDA.

Much passes current here for sweet
That is decided bitter,
And much that goes upon the street
For gold is only glitter ;
Be sure it is not what we say,
So much as how we say it ;
Nor is it, neighbor, what we do,
So much as how we do it.

The face may wear the rosy hue
Of honesty and candor,
While hid behind it there may be
A battery of slander ;
We cannot tell, we do not know,
While smiles we are receiving,
How much unreal there may be
Put on for our deceiving.

The fire may in the censer burn,
And incense, altar-lighted ;
The prayer from temple gates ascend,
By lips profane indited.

Nor this, nor that ; the creed that lives,
The heavenly fragrance giving,
Is that which buds, and blooms, and bears
The fruit of honest living.

Pretenders still are in the world,
And knaves are not ideal ;
And hypocrites may pass awhile,
Like gilded coin, for real.
Despise them all, and act yourself
In doing and in saying ;
Be honest both to God and man,
And honest in your praying.

The life is better than the creed,
No matter what its merit ;
And to be living Christ-like is
To have a Christ-like spirit.
Be sure, then, 'tis not *what* we say,
So much as *how* we say it ;
Nor is it, neighbor, *what* we do,
So much as *how* we do it.

BEAUTIFUL.

A beautiful planet is this indeed,
This beautiful world of ours,
Teeming with everything we need,
With its crown of beautiful flowers ;
Beautiful mountains and beautiful seas,
Landscapes, soft and fair,
Beautiful birds and beautiful trees,
Beautiful everywhere.

Beautiful rivers, rolling away ;
Oceans with hidden springs,
On which are sailing, night and day,
Ships with their snow-white wings ;
Beautiful valleys, and beautiful streams,
Flowing through meadow and glade,
Where dreamy lovers dream beautiful dreams,
And beautiful words are said.

Beautiful stars on the brow of night
Which sparkle, and glow and sing ;
And oceans on oceans of beautiful light,
Beautiful, everything ;

A beautiful Faith, that stronger strives,
As the skies of adversity frown,
Beautiful characters, beautiful lives,
Which with glory humanity crown.

Beautiful children, God be praised!
To comfort, and bless and cheer ;
Beautiful hopes, from love-seed raised,
Blossoming through the year ;
Beautiful blossoms falling away,
At the touch of Diviner will,
The silent graves, where our blossoms lay,
Beautiful, beautiful still.

Beautiful visions, beautiful love,
As our dear ones drop away,
Beautiful thoughts of the home above,
The land of eternal day ;
Beautiful hopes that we shall meet
Where the beautiful never die,
And walk, together, the golden street,
In the beautiful by and by.

MEMORY.

THE day is rainy ; and I go
Where often I have been before,
And, all alone, I close the door,
And let the tide of memory flow,—

Flow on through channels deep and wide,
Flow on through meadows green and fair,
With blossoms perfuming the air,
And filling me with love beside,—

Flow on with life's young morning flow,
Flow on with summer's rosy tide,
And kissing sweetly either side
Of every vale where blossoms blow.

O Life ! your record I can read
As though 'twere written yesterday ;
And I can trace along the way
The fruit which grew from every seed.

Now, plains of waving bloom appear;
Now clouds obscure the sunny skies;
Now sorrows and now joys arise—
Bright day and darkest night are near.

From pleasure's golden cup I sip,
And let the nectar through me steal,
Until the cup of grief I feel,
Close pressing my reluctant lip.

I revel in the summer bloom
As thoughtless as a child at play,
And, turning, look the other way,
To see but sorrow in my room.

O faculty of mighty powers,
God-given me for weal or woe!
It touches everywhere I go,
To bless or curse the fleeting hours.

It stretches on and I can see
And read the record lines of years,
Now writ in joy, and now in tears,
Back, back, to laughing infancy.

On land, on sea, it follows still ;
Now seeming dead, to life it springs,
And stronger sense of feeling brings,
To lash or comfort us at will.

I see where shady valleys lay ;
I see the pictures made for me ;
And in the nearing distance see
A daisy blooming by the way.

Now, like a laughing stream it flows,
And sings the gladdened heart to sleep ;
Now ploughs the soul with furrows deep,
And blasts and withers as it goes.

We close our eyes ; we shut the door,
And seek to drive it from the mind,
And sleep ; and only wake to find
It still pursuing as before.

It from our life we cannot shake ;
It follows us with steady tread
Among the living and the dead,
By day, by night, asleep, awake.

We wish it were not so ; and then
Sweet glimpses of our happy home
Appear, and bright ; and then we come
To think of what it might have been,

Had those who made it all a smile—
A sunny smile, so bright and dear,
It glowed and lasted all the year—
Dear ones, been spared to us awhile.

The sun may shine, or it may not ;
No shadow on the present cast
Can dim the brightness of the past,
The love that cannot be forgot.

O Memory ! I live in thee ;
How dear you are I cannot say,
But thank the Father when I pray,
For giving such a gift to me.

JACOBUS.

WITH a crimson blush on its rounded face
The apple was temptingly ripe and fair;
Not a speck of rot or decay could you trace,
While, in kind, it was noted as choice and
raire;
But was found, on cutting it through, you see,
As rotten as rottenest apple could be.

Jacobus was pretty, with plenty of dare,
His features were comely, and rosy and sleek;
He planned all his movements with consum-
mate care, [and meek;
And when they were needed was humble
Of surface material sufficient his store,
Still was, like the apple, unsound at the core.

As nothing, or worse, are our rubrics and creeds,
Our sounding professions, our preaching, our
prayer,
Unless they lead to the doing of deeds, [bear;
And sweet, loving harvest of sympathies

“By their fruits you shall know them,” you
know we are told, [gold.

And the words are as precious as pictures of

Unlike this, Jacobus! a lover of self:

’Twas selfishness all of his actions controlled;
Unlike this, Jacobus! a lover of pelf: [gold;

His heart was like ice, and his god was of
His cup of self-seeking was filled to the brim;
The world is no better for all such as him.

Who looks through the circles of life any day,

In make-up and habit, in measure and kind,
Very much to his sorrow and disliking may

A plenty of just such Jacobuses find; [clear
Though “humble” as Haliday’s “Heep,” it is
They are anything other than what they appear.

How measureless better the man who bestows

Some morsels of comfort his life-way along,
Who scatters his blessings wherever he goes,

And blends with life’s grieving the gladness
of song; [can,

While praying who does all the good that he
God-fearing, still working and doing for man.

DEATH OF LITTLE JACK.

ONE day as I was walking down the street,
with Mr. Goodman B.,
A little, dirty, squalid waif came running
up to me,
And walking by my side he asked, with
quivering lip and voice,
And with the deepest earnestness, if I was
Master Joice.
I told the anxious lad I was, and when I
asked him why,
I saw adown his face the tears fall from his
sorrowing eye,
Which, with his sleeve, he wiped away, and
looking up, he said,
“Has anybody told you, sir, that Jack was
sick abed ?”

What, little Jack who blacks our boots, and
lives with mother May !

He sick? and I not know it? he, and sick
abed, you say?

“Yes, Master Joice, I sleep with him, and
last night heard him say,

He wished that you (and said it twice) would
come to him and pray,

And in the morning, when he woke, I told
him what he said,

And then he whispered in my ear, ‘ Tell
him I’m sick abed,

And ask him, Johnny, to come down a little
while to-day,

And bring with him his testament, and read
to me, and pray.’ ”

Ah! never in my life before, since I could
think, or feel,

Had my proud heart been melted down as
by that boy’s appeal !

I'll go ; and Johnny took my hand, and led
me down the way,
Through crooked streets along, to where
poor Jack, the bootblack, lay,
And Johnny's hand held fast to mine, as
rapidly we sped
To mother May's, where little Jack lay
waiting, sick abed.
And when we reached the humble house,
the poor boy unawares,
Withdrew his dirty hand from mine, and
bounded up the stairs.

I followed Johnny, on and on, he leading
all the way,
And when we reached the chamber door,
softly I heard him say,
“Don't make a noise, wait right there, until
I get a peep,
For Jack, you know, since I went out, may
be, has gone to sleep.”

And so I waited for the boy to tell me what
to do,

Spell-bound to see the careful lad the key-
hole peeping through.

“All right,” he whispered, “come along,”
and entering the door,

There lay the poor, sick, pale-faced boy, up-
on the chamber floor.

The face I saw, two weeks before, so well,
was sad to me,

And when I offered him my hand, I found
he could not see.

I spoke to him, and quick as thought, he
turned his weary head,

And whispered through his pale, white
lips, “I’m sick, I’m sick abed!”

And still, poor boy, he did not seem to me
like one in pain,

Though often he would lift his hand and
let it fall again.

And once he turned his sightless eyes, as
though to look on me,
Then reaching out his shrunken hand, he
said, "I cannot see!"

Oppressed, I held his hand in mine, and
kneeling by the chair,
I prayed from my poor, doubting heart, a
short and broken prayer;
Amen! and all was silent, when the poor
boy raised his head,
And looked, as if my face to see, then
"Amen!" softly said,
Then "Shine your boots," he faltered out,
with a bewildered air,
Then lifted up his folded hands, as if engaged
in prayer.
And as the poor and dying boy was praying
all the while,
There played across his pale, white face, a
sweet and peaceful smile.

Just then a stream of golden light through
the low window came,
And for a moment seemed to set the little
room afame,
It played in wavy, gleaming lines, across
the cold, bare floor,
Then faded, and the room became just as it
was before,
And kneeling by the dying boy, I breathed
a silent prayer,
And looking in his face, I saw the same
sweet smile was there,
The eyes were closed, the heart was still, as
marble cold the head,
No folded hands, no answering touch, poor
little Jack was dead !

I felt the presence of the Power that holds
us in control,
As from its tenement of clay there went an-
other soul,

And though the signet seal of death was on
the poor boy's brow,
He never looked in life to me so beautiful as
now ;
And never from the homes of wealth and
grandeur went away,
A whiter soul than that which left poor little
Jack that day ;
And when, to give him entrance, wide the
gates of heaven were swung,
A sweeter song than welcomed him by saints
was never sung.

And as the angels welcomed him from these
abodes of night,
Into the calmer, grander sphere of ever-
lasting light,
I can but think that little Jack, redeemed
from bondage, then,
Repeated with a stronger voice his prayer
and amen !

FAITH AND REASON.

FAITH, vinelike, climbs and clings,
She stops not to explore,
But climbs to sunny heights, and sings
Where Reason cannot soar.

Reason, to revelation steeled,
Insists upon its way,
While Faith accepts what is revealed,
And lives but to obey.

Where Reason cries for light,
In haughtiness and pride,
Faith, confident that all is right,
Seeks nothing more beside.

Obedient, trusting, mild,
Faith takes what is God-given,
While Reason, like a stubborn child,
Lives on, rejecting Heaven.

MEDITATION.

FATHER, as sinks the sun to rest,
I love in solitude to be,
And, as the evening shadows fall,
Hold converse sweet with Thee.

I welcome the departing day,
And bid life's vanities be gone,
And revel in the rest of soul,
Of meditation born.

Thy presence all my senses fills,
And gives my fainting heart relief ;
Thy goodness silences complaint,
And helps me bear my grief.

Thy love my selfishness disarms,
Takes all unhallowed pride away,
And shows me where and when to find
My needed help and stay.

O Father, when I come to die,
Support me by Thy gracious power,
And let, oh ! let my going be
Calm as this evening hour !

THEN AND NOW.

A sloping hill, a deep defile,
A grassy lawn, a little chair,
A wee, sweet child with happy smile,
And golden head of hair ;
She tossed her head and seemed to me
As happy as a child could be.

A wave of joy, a wave of gloom,
A smiling vale, a shady nook,
A meadow full of clover bloom,
A woman reading from a book ;
A woodman hid among the trees,
Delighted with the sight he sees.

A sunny spot, a gloomy tomb,
A clump of trees, a patch of green,
A garden full of vines and bloom,
With many grassy graves between ;
A spot by thoughtless mortals sought,
And still the place for deepest thought.

The noise of busy life without,
A silence deep as death within,
A long procession going out,
A long procession coming in ;
A sigh, a grief so hard to bear,
A lonely home, an empty chair.

So life is pictured ; day and night
Make up the circle of its hours,
Its years of darkness and of light,
Its hopes, its weeds and flowers ;
The child at play upon the lawn,
The woman with the book, are gone !

APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.

TO-DAY, I took up an apple to eat,
 Of a kind that is said to be rare,
Not very sour, not very sweet,
 But an apple, that certainly, *looked* very fair ;
But when, with my knife, I cut it apart,
 I found it was terribly rotten at heart.
How deceitful appearances are, to be sure !
 Silk, satin and broadcloth make a good show,
And well-polished metals, though surely im-
 Sometimes for the genuine article go ; [pure,
But when you examine them close, and with
 care,
You find that the clear golden ring is not there.

He's a splendid fellow, says Dinah to Prue,
A gentleman, polished, refined and polite ;
And his eyes, Oh ! such eyes ! are a beautiful
blue, [sight ;
And he wins your regard at the very first

He dresses superbly, is just in his prime,
And always is ready to have a good time.

To the eye of Miss Dinah, he was nothing less
Than what she had said, a gentleman true,
But could she have seen him hours later, I
guess [ence of Prue,
Her cheeks would have blanched in the pres-
For with other low chaps in a gilded saloon,
The fellow was reeling, as drunk as a coon.

The knave may the part of a gentleman bear :
The villain, conceal by his seeming, his
crimes,
The devil the mask of an angel may wear,
The hypocrite pray like a Christian at times,
But of care and inspection, a little bit more,
Will reveal that there's rottenness down at the
core.

So, the apple I found in the market to-day,
And just for one penny so readily bought,
Somehow, who can tell how it came into my
way ?
Has another prime lesson of wisdom taught.
Turn men into apples, and the apples you see,
May the type of deceitful appearances be.

TO MY WIFE.

[Written in 1866.]

LONG years have flown since you and I
Our mutual life-love plighted,
And stood before the man of God,
With destinies united.

Our sky was clear, the sun of hope
The future fringed so brightly,
That on our hearts hymenial bonds
Were gently borne, and lightly.

The sun shines still, the same old sun
That shone so clearly o'er us,
When in the blush of wedded hopes,
(The bright world all before us,)—
In truest love and trusting faith,—
Forgetting and forgiving,
To each, and how confidingly,
We pledged our all of living.

How sweet the blossoming of flowers,
The bird-song, flowing river;
They raise to heaven the song of praise,
And bless, alike, the giver,

But sweeter still, and dearer, too,
The music rush of tears
Which come, unbidden, now, to join
The melody of years.

How dear the memories to us
We tell in humble rhyme ;
They make, upon the scroll of years,
The epitaph of Time.
We bless the angel and the pen,
The record by the way,
As, line by line, and word by word,
We read it all to-day.

The life-notes of the distant past
Come sweetly o'er us stealing,
As softly falling music stirs
The harmonies of feeling.
We silent bow, and bless, alike,
The Taker and the Giver—
For two are left and two have gone
Across the rolling river.

Still flows the tidal wave of Time,
Now parting, and now meeting,
And voices from the far-off shore
With gladness hail our greeting.
We hear the music from afar,
The past is all before us;
We catch the softly-whispered notes,
And join the swelling chorus.

In days of blooming, fragrant health,
Of life, the richest treasure,
Thy presence is the breath of love,
Thy touch the spring of pleasure.
When sickness on my aching head
The hand of pain is pressing,
Then sweet, aye, doubly dear to me
The voice of thy caressing.

When in the shady vale of tears,
Or in the sunlight basking,
Thine have the kindly offerings been,
Which come without the asking,

In light, in dark, through thick and thin,
In earnest life, and dreaming,
Thy love has been the shining light
Upon my pathway streaming.

As up the hill of life we climb,
The path looks dark and dreary,
And, sometimes faltering on the way,
We tired grow, and weary ;
But twilight deepens into night,
The darkness into morning,
So, from our hill-side night of rest,
We greet a brighter dawning.

Dear are the years of wedded life,
Though sprinkled, oft, with sorrow ;
To-day has sometimes darkened been,
But clear the sky to-morrow ;
Bright be our hope, and strong our faith,
And gentle our repining,
And clear as life's ascending sun,
Dear wife, be its declining.

IF THEY WERE ONLY HERE.

TO-DAY, if they were only here
Who used to sing so sweet to me,
If I could feel that they were near,
It would my consolation be;
The bloom that all around me rests
Would into sweeter fragrance grow,
And I should feel supremely blest,
That they were here again, to know.

To-day, O God, if they were here
To bring again the old delight,
Whose faces, as our lives, were dear,
Whose presence filled our home with light,
Our hearts the old-time song would sing,
And with a freshness all anew,
And summer's rosy blossoming
Would wear, for us, a brighter hue.

The winds which through the forest sigh,
The love that blossoms into grief,
The clouds which fringe our summer sky,
The dew that glistens on the leaf,
The shadows resting on our home,
The doubts which linger when we pray,
A blessing would to us become,
If they were only here to-day.

From out our hearts we try to sing,
But cannot stay the surging tide,
Which, with its waves of sorrowing,
Will break our buried hopes beside.
Across the bloom of faded years—
No matter if it be in vain—
We throw the burden of our tears,
And wish that they were here again.

As sinks the summer sun to rest
The far-off western hills behind,
As waves of sorrow flood the breast,
And whelm with memories the mind,
As children's voices reach my ear,
As roses blossom by the way,
I blend with hopefulness a tear,
And wish that they were here to-day.

When treading dear, familiar ways,
Upheld by what of strength they give,
Back come the hopes of other days,
And faded blossoms seem to live ;
And, almost lost to things around,
Out on the past I look away,
And standing here on hallowed ground,
I wish that they were here to-day.

In vain the wish ; and so I grope
Unsatisfied life's weary way,
Still clinging, childlike, to the hope
That I shall go to them some day :
So hope begirt, sometimes the heart
Breaks from its anchorage away,
And as it sees the night depart,
Sighs, " O, that they were here to-day ! "

" Why should it be ? " I ask and wait,
No answer comes to stay my grief ;
And while I tarry at the gate
No God or angel brings relief ;
And still there is in me that gives
The hope that is of heaven born ;
And so my faith, unwavering, lives,
When wishes, dry as dust, are gone.

HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

HOME of my childhood ! once again
I greet thy hills and mountain streams,
And tread once more the sweeping plain
That haunted all my dreams ;
For here with loving ones I strayed
And, boy-like, dallied with the flowers,
And sung my song, and laughed and played,
As flew youth's golden hours.

Behind yon sleeping hills, away,
In glowing majesty sublime,
I see go down the god of day
Just as in olden time ;
While as I look the busy thought
Is working — working on the heart,
And, ere its task is fully wrought
The feeling tear will start.

And thought will work, and come the tears,
And all the wealth of memory,
As backward through the faded years
The mind runs riot, like the sea;
I see the same familiar skies,
Broad, arching, and cloud-tipped with gold,
And all the dreamy visions rise
And rush upon me as of old.

Around the little cottage door,
Trimmed careful and with tasteful care,
The green vine clammers as of yore,
And fragrant blossoms scent the air;
And in the hollow apple-tree,
Whose fruit in childhood was the best,
The bluebird comes in spring to see,
And as of old to build her nest.

The brook, far as the eye can see,
Goes sweetly murmuring along,
With music in its melody
Just like some old familiar song;
I stand beside the cottage door,
So dear in childhood's years to me,
And listen to its gentle roar
As on it rushes to the sea.

The *past* more like the *present* seems,
For I am on enchanted ground,
And come again my boyish dreams,
Beguiled by everything around ;
I yield me to the magic power
Which on me like a mantle falls,
For well the cottage, mead, and flower,
Some pleasant memory recalls.

They form of childhood's dream a part,
And this is all ; for those who gave
The charm of home to life and heart
Rest in the unforgotten grave ;
And though but few of them to-day
The change and lapse of years survive,
Still warmly near my heart they lay,
Kept dearly, lovingly alive.

My rush of feeling, broad and deep,
I cannot stifle, never can,
Nor still the griefs which through me sweep,
Nor hide the *weakness of the man* ;

Though other scenes my manhood greet,
And living, loving ones are dear,
God help me ! if I turn to meet
The *sleepers* to my heart so dear.

While moves life's panorama by
I hear the village chapel bell,
And some good angel, how or why,
Has bound me in his spell ;
Hope blesses with the kindest cheer,
Faith, sturdy champion, clears the way,
The living and the dead so dear
Seem doubly dear to-day.

What though my sky be overcast !
I see above the spanning bow,
And blend the present with the past,
And, better than I come, I go—
Go from the pleasant past which seems
More to my present pleasures give,
Content to feel and know my dreams
And days of childhood live.

I SIGH SOMETIMES.

I sigh sometimes, when near are brought
The happy scenes of by-gone days,
And I am by some angel taught
The vanity of earthly ways;
The hopes, which seem but born to please,
Like flitting shadows round me play,
But soon I find that even these
Have faded, like my dreams, away.

The form that was to me so dear,
The smiles of loving nature born,
The laugh, that sounded round and clear,
Have, now, like morning fragrance gone ;
I try to catch the faintest ray
Of light that gleams from out the sky,
But, somehow, darkness shrouds the way,
And I am left alone to sigh.

I sit beside the open door,
And think to see him sitting there,
I look where I have looked before,
But only see his *vacant* chair ;

Sometimes the thought is on my mind
That I must see him come and go,
I look, but only look to find
It was, because I *wished it so.*

And, sometimes, over me will steal
Sweet thoughts which I could not repress,
And then it is I sense and feel
The more my utter loneliness ;
The hopes which tinged with rosy light,
And gave my summer life its bloom,
Have dimmed, with grief, my autumn light,
And left me groping in the gloom.

Oh, no, not groping ! gently led
By one whose sweetest name is Love,
I know that I shall meet the dead,
In rest, sometime, somewhere above.
Sometimes I sigh, but then, beside
My grief there lies the promised joy ,
And so I take the better guide,
And go on—*thinking of my boy.*

ROBIN IN THE CHERRY TREE.

SITTING am I by the open door !
Robin is up in the cherry-tree
Singing away right merrily,
And singing his song for me ;
And while I listen, to me it seems,
Robin must have been dreaming the dreams
I dreamed the night before.

Sitting am I by the open door !
Robin is up in the cherry-tree
Happy as ever a bird can be,
And singing his song for me ;
And his notes are soft, and sweet, and clear,
And he seems my sorrowing heart to cheer,
As never did Robin before.

Another has come to the open door—
Robin is singing right merrily,
Singing for her and singing for me,
Singing as happy as he can be ;

But the tide of feeling comes rushing on
As we think of the days forever gone,
And our dear ones here no more.

Sweet Robin up in the cherry tree
You will not sing so merrily
When all your children are taken away,
As they are from us this summer day ;
When your home is lonely as ours to-day,
Plaintive and sad will be your lay,
Robin up in the cherry tree !

Robin up in the cherry tree,
Sing on, sing on, and merrily,
While we sit by the door and seem to hear
Songs from afar, and songs of cheer ;
Sweeter than all the songs of spring,
And sweeter than anything you can sing,
Robin up in the cherry tree !

The blossoms will fall from the cherry tree,
And silent, Robin, your song shall be,
For the morning will come when nevermore
We shall sit, as now, by the open door,
And hear you sing ; so warble away
For you make us cheerfully thoughtful to-day,
Robin up in the cherry tree.

THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

IT rides on the tempest, and follows the storm,

And sweetly it sings in the stillness of night,
From the pressure of darkness it mounts with
the lark, [light.]

And soars on the wings of the incoming
It sweetens our pleasure, it softens our sigh,

It glows in the sunbeam, and breathes in
the air,

Its numbers are heard on the land, in the sky,
The spirit of Music is everywhere.

It rings from the hights of the Judean hills,

And grandly it rolls from the “ancient of
days,”

When sweetly and gladly the morning stars

In unison chanted their psalm of praise;
Adown, through the ages, it sweeps on its
course,

And nations and peoples its harmonies greet,
All join in applauding the spirit of song,

Whose far-sounding echoes still linger so
sweet.

Where warbles the streamlet through meadows along,

Where breezes, in forests. their melodies wake,

Where ocean beats time, as its billowy waves
On the shore, in the distance, resoundingly
break,

Where the landscape stretches in beauty
away,

In the hum of the bee, in the bloom of the
flower,

On the fall of the leaf, in the evening bells—
The Spirit of Music dispenses its power.

It lives in the heart and it works in the life,
'Tis the patriot's dower, the Christian's
delight,

'Tis the handmaid of truth, of error the bane,
It crushes the wrong and it strengthens the
right.

It shines in the stars and it lightens the heart,
It blesses our sorrows and banishes care ;
On the bush, in the tree, on the land, in the air,
The Spirit of Music is everywhere.

THE DAISY.

YE of day, or Day's eye daisy,
Blooming in the meadow mazy,
Looking up to catch the sunbeams,
Seeming full of pretty dreams,
Shall I pluck you, beauty, say,
For my little white bouquet ?

There, I've done it ; pretty, too,
It is just because of you ;
One, two, three ; I've gathered four,
And will add, say, twenty more ;
Now how handsome ! fit to lay
On our dear ones' graves to-day !

Eye of day, or Day's eye daisy,
Blooming in the meadow mazy,
How I love you, you, God given ;
How you lift my heart to Heaven,
And make me think of other flowers
Blooming in immortal bowers !

LOVING.

I look away, down the river,
The prospect sweeps on to the sea,
And my heart, like a leaf, is on quiver,
So pleasing the outlook to me.

New beauties forever are dawning,
Which serve all the past to recall ;
And sweet as the breath of the morning
On our senses they lovingly fall.

Some angel our life-throbs are twining :
Our moments are flying away ;
And the vine which the homestead is climbing
Has lost all its blossoms to-day.

So all of our warmest caressing
Is lost, and I cannot tell why ;
So perish the hopes which are pressing,
So languish our longings and die !

As the vows, which to lovers are binding,
When spoken, bring blood to the face,
So the loves which the living are finding
Are blending in sweetest embrace.

And out from the midnight of sadness
The sweetest of promises spring ;
And brighten the future with gladness,
And joy to the sorrowing bring.

While hate from our manhood is thieving,
Its purpose concealed by a smile,
Love sits in the chamber of grieving,
And sings like a seraph, the while.

And nature her comforting renders,
And, standing like sentinels old,
The trees in their verdureless splendors
Sing, lovingly, out in the cold.

I look on the vision of beauty
Which from a kind Providence springs,
And think it should lead me to duty,
As life to eternity springs,

Grief sings in its chamber of sorrow,
Still the roses of hopefulness bloom;
And love comes again on the morrow,
The darkness again to illume.

All gone that was in me of scorning,
I woo the dream-angel once more;
And hear, when I wake in the morning,
Love knocking again at the door.

While the fruits in the orchard are dying
The trees are untouched by decay,
And the vines which in ruin are lying
Will blossom again in the May.

So our friends shall not leave us forever
When, causelessly, driven apart;
For the loves which we thoughtlessly sever
Shall nestle again in the heart.

And, taught by the past, and forgiving,
When the conflict of passion is o'er,
Shall sweetly expand in the giving,
And stronger become than before.

And so, while the sun is declining,
I follow the track of his light;
Until the last rays of his shining
Is lost on the bsom of night.

DAISY'S VALENTINE.

MAMMA, said little Daisy Down,
Wont it be very fine,
I want to send to dear papa
A little valentine !

The mother scanned her thoughtful child.
With tear-beclouded eyes,
Then said, you know your dear papa
Beneath the white snow lies.

But then, mamma, the child replied,
To whom sweet words were given,
You told me when dear papa died
He was with God in Heaven.

And, if he is, the child went on,
 My father still is mine,
And so, mamma, I want to send
 To him my valentine.

Touched by her words, the mother said,
 Whose heart with grief was riven,
What is it that my child would send
 To papa up in Heaven ?

A kiss, and quick the answer came,
 Won't it be very fine,
To send, through God, to dear papa
 My little valentine !

Then Daisy knelt her chair beside,
 Her arms round dear mamma,
And kissed, in love, her little hand,
 And sent it to papa.

O ! mother, look with loving eyes
 On the dear child of thine,
And feel the better every day
 For Daisy's valentine.

IN THE HARBOR.

HOW clear the night,
How full of light
And love the arching skies !

Upon the deep
The bloom of sleep
In dreamy softness lies.

The stars look down
Upon the town
With gaily twinkling eyes ;
And off the shore
I hear the oar
The sturdy boatman plies.

And I can hear
The notes of cheer
Which from the darkness spring,
As when some crew,
In bonny blue,
Their simple ditties sing.

Alone ! above
I look in love
Where rolling systems shine,
And as I stand,
I know the Hand
That made them is divine !

On such a night,
So full of light
On ocean and on shore,
How good to raise
The heart in praise,
And worship and adore !

The harbor here
Has pleasant cheer,
With shades of dark and light,
But just afar
From where we are
The other is in sight.

TIMELY WORDS.

YES, they *are* cheap, and yet we live
Too much like thoughtless children, while
We know that nothing we can give
Is sweeter than a smile.

Should the dear Father treat us so,
Sure we should deem it most unkind,
As, wearily, our ways we go,
Undisciplined of mind.

But, no ! He sends the sun and rain
Upon the unjust and the just,
To quicken and revive again,
When life is dry as dust.

O, brother, we may give and pray,
And deem our mornings well begun,
But who from kindness turns away
Leaves duty most undone !

Like golden apples, silver set,
Are timely words ; they soothe and cheer,
And blossom out, and then beget
Blessings as rich as dear.

Be cheerful as the morning birds
That fill with melody the air,
And voice your love in timely words,
And everywhere.

Aye, be more human, more divine,
Though words are cheap, if timely said,
Than burnished gold shall brighter shine
Around your head.

Beyond the sweep of feeble sight,
There, there is One who leads us on,
And he may clothe our words in light
When we are dead and gone.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

I saw her kneel beside the bed
On which her mother died,
A little child, whose glowing face
Looked most beatified.

Her little heart seemed all aglow
With bright, seraphic fire,
And from her lips, devout, came words
An angel might inspire.

No careless phrase, no studied speech,
No touch of icy art,
Her every simple word of prayer
Came from her loving heart.

I listened to that sainted child,
There kneeling on the floor,
And never prayer so humbled me
In all my life before.

'Twas laden with experience,
Rich in humility,
And fragrant with the breath of love
And sweetest piety.

“Amen!” she said, then rose and let
Her hands, uplifted, fall,
Then kissed her mother's pictured face
That hung upon the wall.

God gave, God took! That child now rests
Where vernal blossoms smile,
But her sweet prayer is to me
A blessing all the while.

And, sometimes, when I try to pray,
I feel so sin defiled,
I ask the Father to make *me*
Just like that little child!

OCTOBER IN THE COUNTRY.

DRIVE North and South, the traveled road
Runs by the sleeping meadows,
And half denuded cedar-trees,
Are casting somber shadows
Across the lane where children play,
And scarlet vines are creeping,
And faded roses in their turn,
Beneath the walls are sleeping.

The bluebird, first to welcome Spring,
And latest in its going,
The notes of its October song
Is on the silence throwing,
And all along the lines of wood
The ripened leaves are falling,
And ivy vines, up birchen trees
In scarlet trim are crawling.

The bluejay in the hardy oak,
Like frightened child is screaming,
A boy and girl, upon the fence,
Seem to be kindly dreaming;

Spring-life is theirs, no autumn pang
Of grief they feel, or sorrow,
And as this sunny day has been
They dream will be the morrow.

Beneath the skies of deepest blue
No grasses are upspringing,
No welcome songs of summer birds
Are through the forests singing,
But as we tread familiar ways
Our heart, God-ward, uprises,
And what has been and what is not,
Fills us with sad surprises.

The arching skies of winning blue,
The sweep of summer splendor,
Earth's garniture of green and bloom
To Autumn's touch surrender ;
The hill sides of their verdure bare,
The gloom on valley lying,
Aye, everything we see to-day
Of death is prophesying.

As down the lane I go to-day,
Now here, now there delaying,
My heart is sad, for memory
Is with my feelings playing.
This Autumn's morning ramble seems
My thoughtfulness to sober,
As life has gone, so mine will go
Some day in God's October.

SUNSET IN THE COUNTRY.

Adrowsy stillness rests upon the scene,
The shadows deepen in the silent vale,
And the last blush of rosy light
Has faded from the hilltops, far away ;
The birds have sought their covert for the night,
In wood, and tree and blooming bush,
And sluggish flows the stream in silence on,
Its music welcome, cheering to the heart,
So weary with its weight of daily cares ;
Love nestles sweetly by the cottage door,
And in the valley, on the mountain tops
Deep silence rests.
'Tis sunset now !

FAITH AND WORKS.

“By their fruits ye shall know them.”

OUR faith may be as firm, as strong,
We still shall find and to our cost,
As through the world we go along,
That without works 'tis worse than lost.

We pray, but praying is but small ;
Our breathings may be cold and bare ;
He is the Christian over all
Whose *doing* is the fruit of prayer.

And idle words fall cold and dead,
Though loudly on the ear they ring ;
And be ye warmed and be ye fed !
No blessing to the needy bring.

And boasting faith and sounding prayer,
No matter how the heart they move,
Are idle as the empty air
Unless they lead to *works of love*.

DANDELIONS.

“If dandelions only grew in greenhouses, we should think them the prettiest flowers imaginable.”—*Miss Muloch, in “Two Little Tinkers.”*

Q UITE true, fair authoress, quite true,
If dandelions in greenhouses grew
They would be thought as beautiful and fair
As any flowers which scent the summer air ;
And so, if stones were few as diamonds are,
They would as costly be, because as rare.

Reversing things a little, let me say,
If greenhouse flowers blossomed by the way,
In field and meadow, in the open air,
They would be passed as dandelions are ;
And we should think no better of the rose,
And seldom pluck and hold it to our nose.

If this were that, or that were this, why then
A hen might be a hawk, a hawk a hen ;
The little wren, with song so sweet and low,
Might have been made, instead, an ugly crow,
And many things which common people wear
We all might covet if they were but rare.

If "Jean," the "Tinker," had been born, you
know,
Where sweetest love and sweetest virtues grow,
In some grand palace, or in grander cot,
Hers might have been, indeed, a happier lot;
But then (be sure this only is inferred)
Of dear "Miss Kirk" we never should have
heard.

So then, be sure, it is as trite as true,
If dandelions in greenhouses grew,
Or in my lady's favorite garden bowers, [ers;
They would be thought the prettiest of flow-
But God, whose planning richest blessing
yields,
Intended they should blossom in the fields.

Wherever in the universe we turn
This grand and timely lesson we may learn,
(Doubt as we may, or reason as we will),
That God is God in boundless nature still;
Were wandering gypsies greenhouse blossoms,
then
"Two Little Scottish Tinkers" had not been,
And "Miss Kirk's" kindness, pure as purest
gold,
Perhaps had never been so sweetly told.

Ah, good it is to know that common things,
God-made, to man the sweetest duty brings ;
That "Little Tinkers," born in want, to rove
Find loving shelter in a woman's love ;
That in creation all the law can trace
That fits the dandelion to its place.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BROTHER of mine, do you ever think,
As along Life's road you go,
As the beautiful summers come and depart,
That the fruit that comes from the soil of the
Depends on the seed you sow ? [heart

If never, my brother, pause to-day,
Nor longer yourself abuse, [kind,
For the seed you are sowing, no matter the
Of love or hate, of heart or mind,
Will fruit of the same produce.

From seeds of hatred, hate will grow,

From love seeds, love will spring,
Beautiful blossoms of love, and fair
As any that ever had mortal care,
And sweet in their blossoming.

Nothing, my brother, is truer than this,

No matter what seed you sow, [sure,
That from thorns, and briars, and thistles, be
Nor from any seed-sowing that is impure,
Will virtue and goodness grow.

The love that sweetens the flow of life,

And the springs of being feed,
That blesses the home of sorrow, and more,
That scatters its blessings from door to door,
Is the fruit of precious seed.

Sow, brother, you must ; then sow with care,

Plant wherever you go,
Sow in love, with heart and with will,
For a harvest, a harvest of good or ill,
Will come from the seed you sow.

BROWN AND SMITH.

WITH a hearty good-morning and smiling face,

Brown met Smith on 'change, one day,
And, grasping his hand in warm embrace,
 Led him a little out of the way,
And with feelings religious, beyond control,
Questioned him as to the state of his soul.

His questions were timely as questions could be,

For Brown was a burning and shining light,
And wanted, no doubt, that Smith should see

 The thing as he did, and become all right
On the question of questions to all below, [go.
As to where we shall land, when from here we

Smith listened attentively, just as he should,

 And seemed in no hurry to vacate the place,
While Brown pressed the subject the best he
 could,

 Commending his friend to the offers of grace
So kindly extended to all below, [know.
Who their sinful and wretched condition would

Smith listened attentively, made no complaint,
Nor played o'er his features a smile or frown,
For, while he knew he was no saint,
He held no exalted opinion of Brown ;
And he just then recalled a nice little trade
That Brown but the day-before-yesterday
made.

'Twas a *little* transaction, the blossom of greed,
Whose fruitage is rottenness down to the
core,
And opens a way which, if followed, will lead
And end in dismay on no far-distant shore :
A piece of *finesse* neither honest nor true,
And too mean for a Christian or man to do.

Recalling this little transaction of greed,
"Have a care!" said Smith ; "neighbor
Brown, have a care ;
For the life we are living is better than creed,
And purity better than preaching and
prayer ;
For preaching and praying no merit impart
Unless there be honesty down in the heart."

Brown thought for a moment ; Smith, knowing his man,

Grasped closer and closer his hand than before,

For the moment of business to talk he began
(Which lasted, say five or six minutes or more,)

Brown felt that of grace nothing more he could say,

And seemed in a sweat to get out of the way.

When Brown knelt in prayer the following night,

He had reached this conclusion, as all men must,

That the timely reproof of Smith was right,

And that to be Christ-like is to be just ;

And that our religion should always be made

A part of our daily transactions and trade.

SKIPPER BEN.

THAT'S what they called him—"Skipper
A man of low degree, [Ben!]"
But just as good a fisherman
As ever fished the sea.

His home, an humble cottage, stood
A little from the shore,
And seaward he could look for miles,
When standing at the door.

Blue was his shirt in summer time,
In cold, his jacket blue,
And underneath them beat a heart
As large as it was true.

His stock of common-sense was good;
With care his plans were laid;
And "Skipper Ben" knew passing well
Just how to drive a trade.

Of knowledge, too, such as it was,
He had a goodly store;
And had the confidence of men,
And that, to him, was more.

Unquestioned was his honesty,
His piety sincere ;
And with these virtues all in bloom
Pray what had he to fear ?

His fish were always fresh and sweet ;
His dealings fair and straight ;
And all who bought their fish of him,
Were sure to get good weight.

His fishing boat, a comely craft,
Was with his own hands made ;
And this, with hooks and lines, and such,
Was all his stock in trade.

He named it “ Alice ;” why this name ?
'Tis proper to infer
That, loving well his loving wife,
He named it after her.

Quite long, with sharply pointed ends,
And always painted green,
The bonny boat was known to all
Wherever it was seen.

With wife and children, home and boat,
And king of fishermen,
'Twas hard a happier man to find
Than honest Skipper Ben.

And well he knew in every life
Must come a needy day,
So, like a thoughtful, prudent man,
He laid the scrip away.

No debts, no duns, enough and more,
His wants, his cares, were few,
And like the trees his cottage round
His girls and boys upgrew.

Love nestled like an angel in
That cottage by the sea ;
And, though his was a lowly lot,
No king could prouder be.

As brave as good, out on the deep
He went in storm and calm,
" For the good God," he used to say,
" Will shelter me from harm."

So well the fisherman was known,
So honored among men,
That everybody used to say—
“God bless ‘Old Skipper Ben !’ ”

ON THE BEACH.

[Written on Wells' Beach, Maine, Aug. 25, 1873.]

I stand where other feet have been,
And look, far as the eye can reach,
And see the waves come rolling in
And break upon the beach.

The sun has left the quiet dell,
And all his light on upland flung,
And something, what I cannot tell,
Gives Memory a tongue.

As dash the waves on headland drear,
Then seaward roll, too sweet to last,
There falls upon my listening ear
The voices of the past.

I yield me to the soothing power
Which all my faculties enchain,
And live, in one brief, dreamy hour,
The whole of life again.

I listen—listen as of old,
To loving voices, dear to me,
And, charmed, with the departed, hold
Sweet converse *by the sea*.

Roll on, Old Ocean, grand and wild !
Roll on ! I love thy waves and roar,
And see thee now as when a child
I trod, alone, thy shore.

Roll on ! the winds shall sweep the sky,
The Beach thy wildest fury brave,
And stay thy waves, as now, when I
Am sleeping in the grave.

And other men shall hither hie,
And look, far as the eye can reach,
And see the waves go rolling by
And break upon the beach.

BY THE SEA.

I stand upon the headland, looking out
Upon the sea, this bright autumnal day,
And see the ships, to far-off regions bound,
Sail down the sunlit bay.

And far away, her masts and yards all bending
To the breeze, beneath the vault of blue,
A lonely bark, and bearing precious burden,
Is fading from my view.

I strain my eyes, and look in silence on,
Till on the waves it seems a speck of light,
Nor turn my gaze until the last faint gleam
Has faded from my sight.

Then all my latent love becomes aflame,
And lights the chambers of my memory ;
And so I sit and muse, entranced the while,
Alone beside the sea.

Nor mindful am I of aught else beside
The thoughts which link the present with
the past,
And which, like dreams, are beautiful to-day,
And all too pure to last.

Deep answers unto deep, and being, soul,
Are revelling in memories so dear,
So sweet, that I could dream my life away
As I am dreaming here.

Roll on, dividing and uniting worlds !
Roll on, Old Ocean ! roll, majestic sea !
Your varying music, be it loud or soft,
Has untold charms for me !

Now wears your face a smile, and now a frown ;
Now sunbeams dally with your crested
waves ;
Now lightnings play, and fierce storms sweep
Above your caverned graves.

The golden sunlight on your frosty main
Reveals new beauties in your every smile,
And, still, like hidden treachery, thou hast
What lures to death the while.

Alone? No, not alone; for every wave
Seems vocal with the voices of the dead;
And as they dash upon the rocky shore
Fill me with awe and dread.

Father, to-day, beside the sounding sea,
Help me to love and reverence Thy name,
And see Thy hand, along the lines of life,
In calm and storm the same!

PICTURES.

I.

OUT on the grass a laughing boy;
A little girl among the flowers;
Above, a clear, blue summer sky,
And pleasure crowning all the hours.

II.

A manly youth beside the stream,
And on the lawn a maiden fair;
The youth seems in a pleasant dream,
The girl is looking over there.

III.

A little home beside the hill,
Within, wife, husband, little boy,
And by the door a little rill
Goes singing out a song of joy.

THINKING.

I T may not be that I shall see
Again this little river,
It may not be that I shall see
The summer foliage quiver ;
And so I look, across the brook,
And see the cattle drinking,
And so I look adown the brook,
And all the time am thinking.

I linger still, as up the hill
I see the children going ;
I linger still, as round the hill
I see the grasses growing ;
It may not be that I shall see
Again these beauties ever,
But I can see that I may be
Beneath the grass forever.

I cannot tell, 'tis just as well,
I will no trouble borrow ;
I cannot tell, 'tis just as well,
What may befall the morrow ;

It may not be that I shall see
Again this little river,
It may not be that I shall see
The summer foliage quiver.

'Tis present bliss that I can kiss
The faces which are nearest ;
'Tis present bliss that I can kiss
The nearest and the dearest ;
And so I stand and press the hand
So lovingly caressing,
And so I stand and press the hand
So long to me a blessing.

And though I may feel strong to-day,
The "muffled drum" is beating,
And though I may feel strong to-day,
I know that life is fleeting ;
It may not be that I shall see
Again the roses growing,
But I *can* see that I may be
Where all of us are going.

This stream will flow, the children go,
 But I may see them never ;
This stream will flow, the children go,
 When I am gone forever ;
And so I look adown the brook,
 And see the cattle drinking ;
And so I look across the brook
 And still continue thinking.

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

AMONG the bloom I heard a fluttering,
Among the deep white blossoms growing there,
And nearing the spot with prudent care,
A little bird arose on glittering wing,

And flew across the path, and then alighted
Upon a blooming rose-bush by the way ;
But seemed uneasy on the bending spray,
And acted as she were a bit affrighted.

I drew the twigs aside, then most repented,
For there a little, tiny nest I found [bound,
Most shapely, and with threads of grape-vines
Low in the bush of blossoms, sweetly scented.

The mother-bird returned, as I departed,
And folded with her wings her children three,
And seemed as happy as a bird can be,
As nestling there, and quite as merry-hearted.

How carefully, I thought, while homeward
wending,
With what devotion, and what loving care,
Within her little lowly home down there,
That mother-bird her little ones is tending !

I thought again, how tenderly that mother,
Within her tidy home of bloom and beauty,
How anxiously she tries to do her duty,
To rear her young, nor leave it to another.

GOD asks his children but to be discerning,
And open to our eyes is Nature's book,
And, if within its pages we will look,
Some timely lesson may be always learning.

UNCERTAINTY.

THE good ship with its canvas spread,
Sails in the morning light away,
But, torn and rent, a dismal wreck,
May float the sea another day ;
The beauty of the other morn—
How strange !—to-morrow may be gone.

The mother may her babe caress
To-day, and fold it to her heart,
And on the morrow, weeping, wake
To see the life she loved depart ;
The bursting bud, the promised flower,
Lies dead when comes the evening hour.

Who starts so confident and strong,
So manly, his hope-lighted way,
May pause appalled, his hopes to see
Melt like the morning mist away ;
So all that cheers and gladdens sight
May turn to ashes in a night.

Who, nobly striving, lowest falls,
 May rise to place above us all ;
Who proudly climbs so high to-day,
 May, on the morrow, lowest fall ;
Two boys may start alike, but then
They may not, both alike, be men.

So, master, with your ship to sea !
 And sailing slow, or sailing fast,
Steer clear of shore, steer clear of rocks,
 And dare the tempest and the blast.
Do all your duty ; leave the rest
For God to do what he thinks best.

His lines are drawn ; His watchfulness
 From birth, and on to death, endures ;
So, mother fond, caress your babe,
 And press its dimpled face to yours ;
Uncertain what its life may be,
He'll care for it, and care for thee.

Climb, climber, climb ! and if you fall,
 Rise up and humbly start again ;
For efforts in the upward line,
 Be sure, are never made in vain ;
Climb up, climb on, for, fall or rise,
You cannot, climbing, lose the prize !

I know not where GOD's lines are drawn,
I cannot fathom His decrees,
I know not what may folded be
In all of life's uncertainties ;
I know not God ; I only know
Beyond His reach I cannot go.

MY MOTHER.

THREE is sweetness in these hallowed words,
So full of meaning, so beloved, revered,
That vibrates on the soul like Nature's music,
Thrilling the senses by its magic power,
As o'er the mind it steals in cadences
Harmonious—full.

My Mother !

How oft, when I would stray
From virtue's path, has her advice,
Still living in my heart, undimm'd by age,

Recalled my wandering footsteps back,
And taught me better things.

In solitude,
When wandering back to other days
Of childish glee, or youthful pride,
My mind, still clinging to the past,
Blends with it lone communings, [years
Thoughts of my mother. She who o'er my early
Watched with the solicitude a mother only feels,
As in the opening bud she sees
The flower of promise springing, that oft again
Her tears have watered.

My Mother !

While thou'rt a pilgrim here,
Oh, may affection's amaranthine wreath
Be twined about thy brow ;
And may no sorrow for thy wayward child,
Make rough thy exit from the world ;
And while a sojourner on earth,
My prayer, my constant prayer shall be,
That thy advice, instructive, good and sound,
My heart may govern, and direct my ways.

THANKSGIVING.

FAATHER,

We thank thee for the bounteous year,
For length of days, for kindly cheer,
For needed blessings, daily given,
For joys of earth, for hopes of heaven ;
For thoughts of other days, unsaid,
For sweet communings with the dead,
For mercies new, for mercies old,
And for what must remain untold :

For evening mists, for morning dew,
For blossoms, sweet as ever grew,
For gifts of sun, for gifts of rain,
For ripened fields of golden grain ;
For absent ones, for those a-near,
For smiling faces, loved and dear,
For what is, and for what is not,
For what remaineth unforget.

For Life's serener moments, which
Are with divinest comforts rich,
And for the hand that led us on
When all our home supports were gone ;
For every flower Life's thorns among,
For every bird, for every song,
For what of bliss before us lies,
In calmer, higher, holier skies :

For what is most, for what is less,
For calm content and blessedness,
For freedom from unhallowed lusts,
For Thine uplifting from the dust,
For what, by faith, the soul can see,
For what is, and what is to be,
For Nebo's heights, for Baca's wells,
For pleasant songs, for Sabbath bells !

How life would tire, and heart be riven,
But for the strength divinely given !
For what of earth is here to-day,
To-morrow in the grave may lay.
At will, death enters every door,
And all we love are here no more ;
Are here no more ! but we again
Shall meet them on the heavenly plain.

So, Father, for Thy kindly gifts,
Which every sorrowing heart uplifts,
We thank thee ! still from above
Send down thy messages of love ;
We thank Thee for the “ better part ”
That brings rejoicing to the heart,
For loving friends, for sweetest living,
For autumn’s wealth—Thanksgiving !

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

ITS music on the senses steals
(A subtle charm) asleep, awake,
Until in louder tones it break,
And bells ring out their merriest peals.

Ho ! Star of Bethlehem ! thy rays
Across the darkness of the night
Have broadened into deeper light,
And led us into pleasant ways.

Flow on, oh ! Christmas-tide, divine,
And keep my nature undefiled,
And keep me spotless as a child,
And blend your carolings with mine.

DECEMBER BELLS.

ON, on we go, the low, the high,
Our varied life-ways wending,
And swift the flying years go by
Which bring us to the ending.

We little heed the fleeting hours,
'Mid scenes of love and beauty,
But think, while bloom the summer flowers,
Of *pleasure* more than *duty*.

We give to life our hearty cheers,
Unmindful of the giving,
And shed upon the grave of years
The tears of thoughtless living.

And, unsuspected, comes at last,
Some dark, mysterious sorrow,
Which, gloomily, its shadows cast
Upon the coming morrow.

The glowing memories of years
Are hard upon us pressing,
And hope, and love, and flowing tears,
Blend in one chastened blessing.

The minutes come, and go the hours,
Our hopes, our loves, our treasures,
Time bears away the choicest flowers,
And crowns with grief our pleasures.

So disappear the fairy spells
Along the years upspringing,
While far and near December Bells
Their sweetest notes are ringing.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

THREE came unto our door, one night,
An old man, bent with age and care,
And asked, in gentle, trembling voice,
To be admitted there.

Adown his back his white locks hung ;
His long beard half concealed his face,
And on his furrowed brow we could
The marks of sorrow trace.

He looked, and acted, too, like one,
Who might have seen more prosperous days,
And, yet, it puzzled us to tell,
So sadly strange his ways.

He mused awhile,—and all the time
His eyes were fixed upon the floor,
At length he spoke—“A few more hours
And I shall be no more.”

And then he slowly raised his eyes—
And then he started from his chair,
And standing,—lifted up his hand
As if in silent prayer.

So strange a sight we had not seen—
His reverent mien our feelings stirred—
We looked—and asked him whence he came?
He answered not a word,—

But turned his withered face away,
Which seemed a brighter glow to wear,
And, letting fall his trembling hand,
Fell back into the chair.

He did not move, he did not speak ;—
His arms were folded on his breast ;
We looked and thought—he seemed so like
A pilgrim nearing rest.

The clock struck twelve !—he started up,
We turned, by some strange sense beguiled,
But he was gone—and in his place
We saw a *new born child*.

So life runs on—the years go by—
Earth’s weary pilgrims sink to rest ;
And in their place the new born come
And *nestle on the breast*:

Ere long the young year will be old,
Time flies away on restless wings,
And from his ashes beauty grows,
From death the new life springs.

We part as friends, Old Pilgrim Year,
No blame, no fault to find with you ;
Farewell ! with joy we welcome now
Thy *romping child*—the New !

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

THE wind which had been blowing hard,
As if upon a bender,
Had lulled; and, lo ! the winter sun
Went down in golden splendor.
The stars came out with shining eyes,
The moon in all her glory,
While happy boys and happy girls
Were musing *con amore.*

The evening bells struck nine, their notes
Through all the village ringing,
While, in the hearts of children, hope
To sweetest bloom was springing;
He comes, the dear old Santa Claus,
Old Boreas defying;
He comes, and in his tandem team,
O'er crispy snow-banks flying !

The children listen with delight;
Hark! hear the sleigh-bells humming!
And now they look, and seem to see
The northern monarch coming;
Anticipation, like a dream,
Is full of pictured beauties,
While busy hands and loving hearts
Are doing loving duties.

The night wears on; still soft and clear
The moon and stars are beaming,
And in their warm, soft beds, the while,
The children now are dreaming;
One, two, three, four—the clock went on,
(For Time his course was winging),
And nearer, nearer every tick,
The happy morn was bringing.

At length along the eastern sky
The golden day-gleams started,
And broader grew the belt of light—
The long night had departed!

Sweet carols welcome in the day,
The merry bells are ringing,
And up and down the little town
The merry singers singing.

Slowly God's great, grand sun uprose
In His deep sky of blue,
And kindly on the waiting earth
His warming splendor threw ;
Then merry Christmas wishes rung
Through cot and palace home,
The glory of the Lord was here,
The Christmas morning come !

Roll on, O Christmas tides, roll on,
And bring your gifts of cheer !
Roll on, O Christmas tides, roll on,
And help us year by year !
Roll on, O Christmas tides, roll on !
O Star of Bethlehem, rise !
And guide us to the morning, where
God's Christmas never dies !

*AUNT HANNAH'S CHRISTMAS
PARTY.*

AUNT Hannah, (Heaven bless her name!)
Lived with our cousin Sallie,
Just where the highway took a turn
.Adown in "Pleasant Valley."

'Twas neat and pretty, where she lived,
Tall maple trees abounded,
And her small cottage, painted red,
With beauty was surrounded.

A happy little sparkling stream
Went through the valley singing,
And 'round her cot, in summer time,
The roses were upspringing.

In winter time, the Northern winds
Went down the valley flying,
And drift on drift of whitest snow
Were 'round her cottage lying.

Aunt Hannah had a look of love
In every phase and feature,
And, bless her soul, be sure she was
A dear good-natured creature.

She was not beautiful, be sure,
But there with cousin Sallie,
She was, for all that makes life pure,
The queen of "Pleasant Valley."

Most heartily Aunt Hannah loved
The children of the valley,
And scores of them *would* make their calls
On her and cousin Sallie.

And so, to please the children, she
(And what she did was hearty)
Determined, slyly, she would have
A Merry Christmas party.

She went to work, unselfish heart !
Her rooms and windows dressing,
But to the neighbors what it meant
Was all beyond their guessing.

Two smiling schoolmarms daily came,
In spite of wind or weather,
To help Aunt Hannah in her plans,
A week or two together.

Adown the valley came the winds,
And then, again, retreated,
Until our dear Aunt Hannah had
Her Christmas plans completed.

God's benediction rest on those,
And crown with Love's caressing,
Who make the work of doing good
A duty and a blessing!

Their precious work shall live, when they
Beneath the grass are sleeping,
And children's children shall preserve
Their names in sacred keeping.

Kind Santa Claus had come and gone;—
His saddle-bags were swelling
With presents, when he made his call
At dear Aunt Hannah's dwelling.

And when he left, the watchman told
The young folks, whom he greeted,
That the old fellow's saddle-bags
Were pretty well depleted.

The invitations were sent out,
The children, full of dreaming,
Read, and re-read the cards, and still
Could not divine their meaning,

Nor guess why dear Aunt Hannah should,
Who lived with cousin Sallie,
Ask them to spend the Christmas eve
With her in "Pleasant Valley."

Hark! now beyond the wintry hills
The village bells are ringing,
And up and down, the valley through,
Are merry singers singing.

'Twas Christmas eve: and though the skies
In threatening clouds were shrouded,
They came, the children came, and soon
Aunt Hannah's rooms were crowded.

What presents they were to receive
The children were debating,
As 'round the Christmas tree they stood,
Aunt Hannah's call awaiting.

At length it came, a silvery bell
Was rung by little Eddie,
And welcome was it, for it said
Aunt Hannah is now ready.

She quickly stripped the fruitful tree,
Her kindly gifts bestowing,
And with her little presents, was
Her richest love-seeds sowing.

O sisters, in Life's garden walks,
Be careful of your sowing,
That you may see, in after life,
A harvest worth the growing!

The gifts were all distributed,
Then kneeling by her chair,
From out Aunt Hannah's loving heart
An angel breathed a prayer.

Amen! with hand on Carrie's head,
The silence still unbroken,
The mantel-clock struck ten, and then
The sweet good night was spoken.

“Good night, good night, a sweet good night,”
We sung as we were going,
While at Aunt Hannah, with both hands,
Our kisses we were throwing.

And now among the things of life
Upon our memory pressing,
Aunt Hannah's Christmas Party lives
An oasis of blessing.

And as the Christmas tides run on,
Their wealth of blessing bringing,
The love that nestles in the heart
Is softly, sweetly singing.

O, blessed memories, indeed,
Are round our natures twining,
And shedding blessings on the life,
Strong, healthful and refining!

*THE HANGING OF THE
STOCKINGS.*

LOW on the earth the shades of night,
And silently, were creeping,
While, in their room, the children were
A secret session keeping.

While just as though on mischief bent,
They to and fro were going,
We could not understand them, quite,
They looked so wise and knowing.

Sly glances all around were cast,
We could not tell the reason,
And clear it was more eyes than one
Were looking out for treason.

For when one little laughing elf
Went through the doorway streaking,
A dozen ears were wide-awake,
To hear what she was speaking.

The lights were burning, bright and clear,
Their mellow radiance throwing
On “creeping-jenny,” holly-boughs
And plants of beauty growing.

A Christmas song, or two, were sung,
With tenderness of feeling,
And then the curtains were withdrawn,
The loaded tree revealing.

The children screamed with rare delight,
And clapped their hands for pleasure,
And planted on Aunt Hannah’s face
Their kisses without measure.

And dear Aunt Hannah did her part
Most handily and neatly,
And never happier seemed to be,
Nor looked so good and sweetly.

Her features wore a rosy bloom,
Her calm, blue eyes were glowing,
And her great, kind and Christian heart
With love was overflowing.

In whispers all their words were said,
And fast their tongues were flying,
But what the fuss was all about,
We could not guess by trying.

A gentle knock upon the door
The children all affrighted,
But loving, kindly words were said,
And then the lights were lighted.

But not an indication there
Of what they had been doing,
And not a sign of anything
To tell what was a-brewing.

The rose upon their dimpled cheeks
Bloomed into fresher beauty—
The mother smiled—her willing hands
Still doing loving duty.

The good time coming, now had come,
The spell of silence broken,
And then, from little, loving hearts,
The sweet *good night* was spoken.

And then, how dear, their rosy lips
The mother's cheeks were pressing,
And then upon their precious heads
There fell a father's blessing.

Soon, wearied by the broken thoughts
Their hopefulness was testing,
Upon their heavy, weary eyes
The bloom of sleep was resting.

And soon within their little room
Were silent footsteps stealing,
And there were found the stockings hung,
The children's plans revealing.

Six chairs they placed so they could hear
Old Santa Claus's knocking,
And on each chair was, careless, hung
A more than childish stocking.

The night went silently along,
The stars their watches keeping,
While all within that home of love,
Were softly, sweetly sleeping.

The morning came—from far and near
The merry bells were ringing,
And sweet and gentle voices were
Their Christmas carols singing.

Throughout the happy home was heard
The merry Christmas greeting,
And loving hearts and willing hands
Were better for the meeting.

With early dawn the children woke,
And to their stockings going,
Found them all hanging just the same,
But filled *to overflowing*.

No more—to us that Christmas morn
Was just as sweet as pleasant,
And, somehow, memory revives
And links the *past* and *present*.

O cruel Death! the aching heart
Abides your bitter mockings,
For *life* and *love* have sanctified
The *hanging of the stockings*.

ONE-BY-ONE.

ONE-by-one the moonbeams quiver ;
Lighting up the sleeping river ;
One-by-one the waves are flowing,
One-by-one we see them going ;
One-by-one, in rapid motion,
One-by-one they reach the ocean ;
One-by-one, returning never
From the vast unknown forever.

One-by-one we sail away
Out into the open day ;
One-by-one enjoy the sight,
One-by-one return at night :
One-by-one lay down to sleep,
One-by-one awake to weep,
And return to joy again
When the mind is free from pain.

One-by-one, like birds upspringing,
In the heart our *hopes* are singing,
One-by-one upon us pressing,
One-by-one in sweet caressing ;

One-by-one they come and go,
One-by-one they shine and glow,
Till they all like ashes seem—
Ashes of some faded dream.

One-by-one in silence all,
One-by-one the snow-flakes fall ;
One-by-one the drops of rain
Fall upon the earth again ;
One-by-one, to bless and cheer,
One-by-one the flowers appear ;
One-by-one our blessings fall,
Blessings silently on all.

One-by-one, in constant flow,
One-by-one the moments go ;
One-by-one the minutes fly,
One-by-one the hours go by ;
Soon the day, the month, is done,
Ever going, one-by-one ;
One-by-one, the years grow old
Till the sum of life is told.

One-by-one our thoughts are straying,
One-by-one our fancies playing ;
One-by-one depart our treasures,
One-by-one our cherished pleasures ;

One-by-one the loves we cherish,
One-by-one droop, fade and perish ;
One-by-one we reach the shore
From which we return no more.

ONLY.

ONLY a room, but clean and fair,
Only a child in her rocking-chair,
Only a child of charming grace,
Waiting to kiss its mother's face.

Only a sweet young life amazed,
Only a little arm upraised,
Only a soft and laughing eye,
Only a child's delighted cry.

Only a little heart at ease,
Only a spell of love and peace.
Only a winsome bunch of charms,
Only a child in its mother's arms.

Only a closing of the eye,
Only a shadow passing by
Over the floor and over the bed,
Only a little weary head.

Only a hope, and that is all,
Only a hope it may not fall,
Only a mother kneeling there,
Only a soul in earnest prayer.

Only a sunset, soft and mild,
Only the white face of a child,
Only the fall of the boatman's oar,
Only the crape upon the door.

Only the fall of a tender spray,
Only a blossom fallen away,
Only a waif on the crystal sea,
Bound for the shore of eternity.

Only the blowing out of a light,
Only a mother alone to-night,
Only a little soul at rest,
Only another heavenly guest.

Only an ending of mortal strife,
Only a bud from the tree of life,
Only a little waiting grave,
Only the Christ who came to save.

Only a room, but clean and fair,
Only a little vacant chair,
Only a child has gone to sleep,
Only a mother is left to weep.

God be with her, to lift her up ;
God be with her, to sweeten the cup ;
God be with her, to help her say,
It is well, it is well with my child to-day !

HEAVEN.

Up there, no tears are shed ;
Up there, no sighing ;
No weary ones, no dead,
No dying ;
No trembling, sorrowing ones, no broken-hearted,
But sweet communion with the long-departed.

No blasted blossoms there,
 No cheerless dreaming ;
No fig-trees, dry and bare,
 No seeming ;
But precious fruits, from seeds of earthly
 sowing,
Transplanted there, are riper, sweeter
 growing.

Up there, no cankering strife,
 No sad entombing ;
Up there, the tree of life,
 Is ever blooming,
And love and light immortally are beaming,
And glory through the many mansions
 streaming.

Down here, we go astray,
 But up there, never ;
Down here, we live a day,
 Up there, forever ;
Down here, our hopes are going through
 tuition,
Up there, we shall enjoy their full fruition.

How sweet the home of love
 To whom 'tis given
To calmly look above,
 And into heaven,
And see by faith and the dear Father's kindness.
What else we could not compass in our blindness.

Down here, our hearts would break,
 If not for this,—
That we shall sleep, and wake,
 Dear ones to kiss ;
And drear and dark were life, without our
 knowing
Where they have gone and whither we are
 going.

Oh, child, put off your fear !
 The skies are fair ;
Who live the longest here,
 Live shortest there ;
Who longest live, to know may not be given
What they shall gain who earliest enter heaven.

ABIGAIL BROWN.

HER grave, they said, is just up there,
Up on the hill-side, cold and bare,
Nigh to the footpath leading down
To the old gray church in the little town.
So through the meadow we took our way,
And up the hill-side where she lay.

By whom befriended, by whom forgot,
No matter now—'tis a desolate spot ;
Oh, God ! we said, how cold and drear !
Why was *she* buried away out here,
While out in yonder beautiful ground,
Many, no better than she, are found ?

An old, rough headstone, mossy and brown,
Marked the spot ; and, stooping down,
We turned the tall, rank grasses away,
To see what the record had to say ;

Her name and age—and then we read—
“She died of a broken heart”—it said.

No mark of affection could we trace,
And nothing of friendship, 'round the place ;
Not a shrub or flower, but grasses wave
In silence above the maiden's grave ;
And the spirit of solitude haunts the spot
Where the mother and child rest—most forgot.

The same old story of love and fears,
Born in sunshine and nurtured in tears ;
Of vows dishonored and broken plight,
Villainy dark as the darkest night ;
An innocent life lost past recall,
A mother untimely, and then—that's all.

Fair and gentle was Abigail Brown
As any of all the girls in town
(So it was told us by one who knew,
And as it was told us we tell it you ;)
But cruelly wronged—by whom or why
God knows better than you or I.

A PICTURE.

A beautiful spot it was ; a stream,
On which the sun, in dancing glint
and gleam,
Shone through the bright green of the trees,
Now shaken by the summer breeze,
Beneath which, in the cooling shade,
Reclined a thoughtful, rosy maid ;
Whose eyes wore such a look, or seeming,
One could but think she must be dreaming.

Her face a smile, half mischievous, discloses,
As, stooping down, she gathered up the roses
Which blossomed at her feet in wild profusion,
And thinking she was free from all intrusion ;
And while within her heart the love was sway-
ing,
Which in a maiden is so hard assuaging,
She raised her hand, as quick as thought
would let her,
And from her bosom drew a well-worn letter.

And from her lover, too, else how accounting
For the red blood that to her face was mounting,
And crimsoning her features with the blushes
Which from a happy heart in beauty gushes
Up to the cheek, when one like her is reading
That upon which love ever is a-feeding,
The words which, coming from a love-sick lover,
A multitude of faults and follies cover.

The letter finished, still the maiden lingers,
Holding the missive close between her fingers;
Lingers and smiles, and still prolongs her stay-
ing,
While on her face a sober shade is playing;
A darker shade, or something like the shadow
That flits and plays across the sun-lit meadow;
And she who was, a moment since, all gladness,
Seems to be troubled with a touch of sadness.

So is it ever; for, beyond the seeming,
There is that gives a shadow to our dreaming,
And with the hope that makes our life so
pleasant
Some brooding fear of ill is always present.

RHYTHMIC BRIC-A-BRAC.

DON'T take what other people say
As law and gospel, friend,
Nor try to make a thinking world
To your opinions bend.

Religion, reason, sense, combine
(So keep this fact in view)
To teach you there are others who
Are just as good as you.

Nor judge by what you see and hear;
False standards lay aside;
And, in determining the right,
Make common-sense your guide.

Beneath the show of silks, and such,
Which court ambition's bid,
And win applause from empty heads,
Deception may be hid.

The copper-boiler on the stove
May be a leaky kettle,
And nice and highly-polished coin
May be of basest metal.

Sometimes, perhaps, you may have seen—
Recall it if you can—
A forty-dollar rig upon
A seven-dollar man ;

Or passed upon the street, some day,
A creature finely dressed,
Who wore a costly jewel on
A coarse and vulgar breast.

Be sure that things around us here
Are mightily uncertain,
Nor know we what is going on
My friend, behind the curtain.

Be not too fast in making friends ;
False lights abound, you know ;
The crow may prove a turtle-dove,
The turtle-dove a crow.

You think an angel's by your side,
He seems so in your eyes;
Beware, for he may only be
A devil in disguise!

Don't give your hand and confidence
To every one you meet,
For, covered by a Christian cloak,
May be a lurking cheat—

As yonder goblet, seeming filled
With water from the rill,
And tempting to the thirsty lips,
May hold but poison still.

Be sober, honest, frank and kind,
Be manly and discreet,
For rankly here the weeds and tares
Are growing with the wheat.

And which is which 'tis hard to tell,
Or which the false or true,
So leave we for diviner hands
The winnowing to do.

With rich and poor, with great and small,
False colors are unfurled ;
So, brother, mind your P's and Q's
In going through the world.

The devil give no resting place,
Within your heart or brain,
If he invade, up, like a man,
And drive him back again.

Deep waters calm and stillest run,
While shallow streamlets flow,
Forever babbling o'er the rocks,
The noisiest as they go.

Who lacks in brains will deal in brass,
Their tongues like clappers run,
And if you give them half a chance,
They'll chatter by the ton.

Give noisy babblers widest berth,
Send gadders on their way ;
And give to better feelings scope,
And goodness room to play.

Ignore the pride that seeks display,
As if on dress parade,
Nor try to make a taking show
Until your debts are paid.

The world is wide, and through its vales
Affliction's waters flow,
And be it yours to hold the cup
Of joy to lips of woe.

Plant, plant the precious seeds of love
Life's highways all along,
And you shall reap the fruit, in time,
With melody and song.

For, sure, no matter what the faith,
No matter what the creed,
Thrice blessed shall the harvest be
That cometh from such seed !

So ends my song ; and if of love
Or sweetness it may lack,
Remember, 'tis but broken shells,
A poet's bric-a-brac.

THE LITTLE RED PETTICOAT.

HE was young and very fair,
With cheeks as red as a rose,
With beautiful eyes and auburn hair,
And a dear little Grecian nose ;
Like a parted cherry her lips,
Tempting as they could be,
And her hand was nice and small and soft,
Her boot was number three,
And she wore a little red petticoat !

With ribbons to match, the hat she wore
Was as taking as it could be,
And her dress was jauntily, prettily made,
And fitted her form to a T ;
And ever, when going or coming from school,
To keep it from dragging, I guess,
Of course it was that, what else could it be ?
She would tastefully hold up her dress,
Exposing her little red petticoat.

She was pure as snow, and pretty, too,
And free from untimely cares ;
She was not haughty, nor was she tame,
But hated unlady-like airs :
She tripped along with a sprightly step
Without making much of a stir, [man
Nor thought, for a moment, that any young
Was stealthily looking at her,
Or her little red petticoat.

But over the way was a nice young man,
And a right good chap was he,
Who, when the maiden was passing by,
Would always a-looking be ;
Looking, as young men will, you know,
At a young girl's dress supplies,
Looking, looking adown the street,
Looking, with both his eyes,
At the girl in the little red petticoat.

[went,
The moons they came, and the moons they
And the roses bloomed by the stream,
And our nice young man across the way
Was dreaming a beautiful dream ;

Was dreaming by day and dreaming by night,
Dreaming in light and shade,
That he was sitting, and wished it so,
By the side of the little maid,
Who wore the little red petticoat.

But nothing she knew of the thumping heart
That lay in his aching breast,
Nor dreamed that a sweet love-look from her
Would set it forever at rest ;
So she went her way, day in, day out,
The blossoming summer through,
While our nice young man across the way
Was getting decidedly blue
Over the little red petticoat.

But never a road that had no turn
Was seen in this world of ours,
And never a fellow was long alone
Who would pluckily use his powers
Of tact and skill, but more, of love,
To win the girl for whom he sighed ;
And so our hero, the nice young man,
To win to his heart, like true lover tried,
The girl in the little red petticoat.

The summers came, the summers went,
Three rounded years had passed,
And, bless his stars ! our nice young man
Had won the girl at last.
And to-day her cheeks wear a rosy bloom,
And, what is more, and best,
Our nice young man across the way
Is folding the girl and wife to his breast
Who wore the little red petticoat.

I took tea with them the other eve—
On the sly I tell you this—
When tea was over, “God bless her !” he said,
And sealed the prayer with a kiss.
And, somehow, when I came away,
I could not help it, to save my life,
I felt like praying the same sweet prayer—
“God bless her !” the loved and loving wife
Who wore the little red petticoat !

LAME BILLY.

O H, do not laugh at him ! his look
Should *win* you, rather than *repel*,
And it may be you have mistook
The sober face,—you cannot tell;
Nor do you know what sorrow may
Have taken all his smiles away.

“ Lame Billy” was the name he bore ;
A tall and slender lad, whose face,
With all the soberness it wore,
Attracted by its winning grace ;
And when you met him by the way,
He always had kind words to say.

So do not laugh at his appeal,
But try to have him share your joys,
And do your best to have him feel
That he’s as good as other boys ;

And show to him, and everywhere,
The sweetest, tenderest of care.

He is not strong of limb as you,
And his misfortune all deplore ;
And so be kind to him, and true,
And try to love him all the more.
No fault of his that he is lame ;
Nor is there any one to blame.

God's providences none can stay ;
He smites and chastens as He will,
And from us tears our props away
Or grinds us in His crushing-mill.
Strong now, to-morrow you may be
Just like "Lame Billy," whom you see.

Go where his mother lives and he,
Away from splendid homes apart,
And see how kind and tenderly,
How close she folds him to her heart,
And, kneeling by the altar there,
Bears him to heaven in her prayer !

Oh, love “ Lame Billy,” love him well,
And be your friendship kind and true,
And some good angel, then, shall tell
A story that shall comfort you
When, some day, on the golden street
Up yonder you and he shall meet !

Sow seeds of kindness, broad and deep,
The humblest vales of life along,
And you the ripened fruit shall reap
With sweetest melody and song ;
No matter what the sowing cost,
The good we do is never lost.

JANUARY.

OLD Time is ever on the wing,
Swift as an arrow's flight,
And life from out its ashes spring,
As morning from the night.

As from the clouds the lightning leaps
In flashes, quick as thought,
So from Time's hidden, soundless deeps
The days and months are brought.

Succession is the law of life,
The morrows come and go
Just as the tides, in calm and strife,
Flow in, and outward flow.

In steady course the months run on,
Heat follows cold, and darkness, light,
As from our hopes dread doubt is born,
And joy from sorrow's night.

Change meets us everywhere we go
On Life's uncertain shore;
Though firm our step, we little know
The pits which lie before.

Empires and men, before God's power,
From sordid greed and lust,
In all their pride have fallen down,
And mouldered back to dust.

But God remains! He shapes at will
The charms which 'round us lie,
And builds, with His diviner skill,
Our mansions in the sky.

He wreathes new beauties 'round our homes
Ere yet the old ones die,
There is no day, no month that comes,
He does not glorify.

So January, in its place,
Comes with its gifts of cheer,
And fair Aurora hastens, with grace,
To crown the new born year.

And, so, though death as dark as night,
On dell and meadow lie,
And angry clouds move left and right,
Along a frowning sky,

Let us be glad ! the season's mirth
And merry cheer are ours,
Though clad in snow may be the earth,
Or garlanded with flowers.

FEBRUARY.

ONCE more your face I'm glad to see !
But, hold a moment, let me see,
And let me peer into your eyes
And read you through your wild disguise.

There, you are looking natural now,
With winter's chaplet on your brow,
And still a ruddy glow I trace
Upon your cold, half-hidden face.

Welcome again ! shortest of all,
Still, not indeed, so very small,
Full five feet six, with ready tongue,
But kindly heart, and ample lung.

Your chest is rounded, and you breathe
The northern air with healthful ease,
And with your coming, too, you bring
Sweet prophesyings of the spring.

I seem to hear the soft bird-song,
And hear the brook as it flows along,
And catch the fragrance of the flowers,
From meadows wild and woody bowers.

Your measure of the year you fill,
Obedient to Almighty will ;
And when you go, and not in vain,
We hope to see you back again.

MARCH.

Ho, ho ! blustering March, you are with us
once more,

And blowing your bellows the same as of yore !
We knew you were coming, and welcome you
here,

The wildest and jolliest month of the year !

You come with the rush of the brave moun-
taineer,

And the notes of your trumpet are thrillingly
clear,

And your breath has a warming and mellow-
ing glow,

As it falls on the earth, as it melts off the snow.

Now, now like a giant, defiant and strong,
Down the deep, dark ravines you go blowing
along,

And down through the meadows, and down
through the vale,

You ride on the wings of the galloping gale !

With Borean blasts of the trumpet you blow,
As you sweep down the mountains and scatter
the snow,

The ice melts away at the touch of your breath,
And the loosened streams sing through the
valley of death.

Sweep on, Mr. March, your blowing prolong,
'Till the last sign of winter is faded and gone !
Your coming to this lovely planet of ours,
Leads on the time of the blossoming flowers.

O, Father of Mercies, O, Father of Love,
Look down from Thy dwelling of beauty above,
Bid the storms and the troubles which plague
us, to cease,
And lead on to the heights of perennial peace !

APRIL.

THE south wind tarries, still the hours
Advancing steadily along,
Presage the cheerful robin's song,
And nearer bring the summer flowers.

Although the skies are wintry, still
There's beauty in their softened glow,
Despite the chilly winds which blow,
And music in the murmuring rill.

Though doubt upon the present lies,
It slowly fades as time runs on,
Until, at last, it all is gone—
The months are full of prophecies.

So give to April room for play,
Her promises of what shall be,
Of flowery vale and blooming lea,
Shall have fulfillment in the May.

And rosy faces shall uprise,
And love shall smile her sweetest smile,
And sing her song of joy the while,
And lips of beauty kiss the skies.

God's love is tempering the blast,
Revealing, brother, what may be
The better home for you and me,
When April's fickle life is past.

MAY.

THE green wood lifts its bearded peaks
Against a friendly sky,
And lo! the sunlight plays its freaks
Where creeping blossoms lie ;
The brown thrush flies on sportive wings,
From bending sprig and spray,
And from her perch the robin sings
Her carol to the May.

Alike, my song of joy I sing
In notes devoid of art,
As Memory's clustering blossoms cling,
Undying, to my heart ;
While, willing, in Thy hand I lie,
Dear Father let me pray,
As I was born, that I may die
Some morrow in the May.

JUNE.

CLIMBING over the terraced wall,
Clasping the trellis in loving embrace,
Creeping along where the dew-drops fall,
Are blossoming roses, white and red,
Shaking their petals over my head.

Sauntering, leisurely, over the way,
Happy as Hebe, while tripping the street,
Out where the rollicking children play,
Robed in blossoms which trail at her feet,
Comes a beautiful, gay, young maiden along,
Singing, with sweetness, her summerly song.

Never a maiden of statelier grace [crowned,
Trod the green earth, or more prettily

Never a maiden with rosier face,
Begirt with buds and blossoms around,
Threw from her eyes such glances and gleams
Of love, as the one I can see in my dreams.

The nearest and dearest sister of May,
Coming so soon, when the Spring has gone,
Coming, so glad, with earth's children to play,
Bathed in the light of the dewy morn,
Throwing her kisses, while passing along,
And making us glad with her music and song.

Over the sweep of the capering years
Have I played with her, and many a time,
On the mountain of joy, in the valley of tears,
In the buddings of youth, in my blossoming
prime,
And never my heart was in sweeter attune,
Then when dreaming my dreams on the bosom
of June.

JULY.

JOY, joy! so sings the earth
In cheerful song this July morn,
As when the heart, to newer birth
Of happiness is born !

Where'er we look, beneath, above,
On sleeping dell, or fretted wood,
In all, we see a Father's love,
A Father's gifts of good.

And mother Nature bares her breast
Of nourishment, to every child,
And gives to all her sweet bequest
Of blossoms undefiled.

The Father, with minutest care,
Respreads the waiting earth anew,
And everything we see is fair
Beneath His skies of blue.

His heart of goodness never tires,
His love, no diminution knows,
He gives, alike, our winter fires,
Alike, the summer rose.

He gives and takes, it is His right,
He sits, a sovereign, on His throne,
And all, the darkness and the light,
And seasons, are His own !

Within a circle, spreading far
To left and right, and all around,
There are no frescoed walls to bar
His melody of sound.

This moment, O, how grand, sublime !
And *we* are of His works a part,
And we may have, and all the time,
His summer in the heart.

AUGUST.

THE tides run out, and the tides run in,
Nor, for a moment, stay their flowing;
So from creation it has been,
Forever coming, ever going.

And, one by one, wave follows wave
Landward, forever on the motion,
And, one by one, go down the brave
Upon the land, upon the ocean.

The morning brings its skies of blue,
The sun gives out his golden glory,
But ere the day is half way through
The heavens tell another story.

We start with heart-hopes all abloom,
And feed upon imagination,
And travel into thickest gloom
Before we reach Life's half-way station.

The months have well-nigh rounded up,—
For good or ill their changes bringing,
And some have drank the bitter cup
Of grief, since I commenced my singing.

To me, this sultry August day
With kindly thoughts my mind is filling,
And while it preaches of decay,
What matters it, if I am willing?

The bloom of sleep must come and will,
And, silent, fall upon the meadow,
Why should I care? I would be still,
Nor fear the falling of its shadow.

SEPTEMBER.

FIRST of the three,
We welcome thee
With songs of hearty greeting;
So glad are we
Again to be
At this delightful meeting.

Why should we weep ?
The bloom of sleep,
Is gently on us falling,
And all around
We hear the sound
Of Nature's voices calling.

The golden rod,
With graceful nod,
Bows out the weary summer,
And from the sod
The bloom of God
Re-crowns the princely comer.

O, child of joy,
O, blooming boy,
So young, so pure, so clever,
We kiss thy face
Of charming grace
With more of love than ever !

OCTOBER.

HO, thou of modest mien and brow,
Autumn's divinity !
The golden seal is on thee now,
Child of the Trinity !

Ceres her kindly hand uplifts
To bless her second child,
And fills her lap with gathered gifts
From garden and the wild.

Aurora's skillful hand, with grace
Your modest robes has made,
And still we see upon your face
A melancholy shade.

O, child, by unseen fingers fed
On manna from above,
Come, let us place upon your head
Our coronet of love !

Too soon your garlands shall depart,
Too soon your beauty perish,
But nought shall banish from the heart
The love for thee we cherish.

NOVEMBER.

HALLO ! what, here again, old fellow,
In robes of red, and green and yellow,
And looks defiant ?
With full, cold eyes upon us staring,
Bold and imperious in bearing,
A frowning giant ?

Well, sir, who cares ? looking on you,
I, all your masks and moods eschew,
Your flare and fluster ;
I meet you with an open palm,
And sing to you my simple psalm,
To calm your bluster !

Hood wrote in strains of bitter sweet,
And threw his missive at your feet,
 If I remember,
And while his lyric throbs and thrills,
His summing-up of all your ills,
 Is this—"November!"

I will not maul you as did he,
But meet and greet you pleasantly,
 With hand extended;
For, more than once, with humble pen,
I have, from the attacks of men,
 Your cause defended.

No, no, why should we you so hate?
You are of other months the mate;
 If not as even,
You make a twelfth of all our lives,
And love upon your bosom thrives,
 The gift of heaven!

Rough you may seem, and rough you are,
But why should this our pleasure mar,
 Month of disguises?
You come to cheer, and why should we
Turn grumblers and find fault with thee
 And thy surprises?

What though you are a little breezy,
A little phthisicky and sneezy,
And make us gloomy,
We know your heart is large and kind,
In spite of all your moods of mind,
And warm and roomy !

Along the march of hoary Time
Your tread has been as grand, sublime,
As any other ;
So here's our hand ! blow, blow away,
And have your calm and stormy day,
My windy brother !

You help to make the passing year,
And, in your turn, bring rest and cheer,
And sweet refreshing ;
A twelfth of all our love you share,
So on your head we breathe our prayer
Of peace and blessing !

DECEMBER.

THE North wind blows, the frowning skies
In sable curtains drape the earth,
Still, patient Love to cheer us tries,
And Pleasure nestles near our hearth.

Without, but dreariness appears,
No scene of beauty meets the eye;
Within, how much there is that cheers,
As fast the dancing hours go by.

And still, the earth hath wealth apart,
And beauty hid from our beholding,
As there are flowers in every heart
Which wait for their unfolding.

We ask for life, it will not stay,
Our treasures in the ashes lie;
Death reigns! his icy fingers play
Among our joys until they die.

And yet, God's love is just the same,
And sweetly brightens winter's gloom;
It sets our hearts with joy aflame,
And wreathes life's dreariness in bloom.

Sorrow may come our hopes to blast,
Home's blossoms fall, its garlands die,
And grief pursue us to the last,
But rest shall follow by and by.

Then let December tempests blow,
For they forebode no dreaded ill,
Because, behind the clouds, we know
God's clear, warm sun is shining still.

IN MEMORIAM.

[Written on the death of Col. Richard Borden.]

Pause, busy workers, pause in your career;
The public heart with honest sorrow swells;
Life feels the surge of grief, for death is here,
A gloom is on the city, toll the bells !

Rest, rest awhile, ye men of busy life !
The waves of time break on the eternal shore ;
Rest, rest awhile, from daily toil and strife,
The **MAN OF MEN** among you is no more !

To loving hearts the earth had given glow,
And blent with them were many hopes and
fears ;
And he had seen the proudest of them go
And shed their blossoms on the grave of
years.

And he had seen the fleeting years go by,
As in the distance, floating down the stream,
We watch the objects dearest to the eye,
Until like specks of fading joy they seem.

These sun-clad hills, and yonder flowing streams,

From earliest boyhood to his heart were dear ;
Amid these scenes he dreamed his life-long dreams,

And passed his days in honest, pleasant cheer.

No meteor-flashes in his life appear,

No transient gleams of fitful purpose glow,
But honor shines, and duty, bright and clear,
And on his years their steady lustre throw.

So pure his motives, and so free from guile,

So calmly flowed the active years along,
So even-poised his daily life, the while,

His latter days were genial as a song.

His life was earnest, as his heart was kind,

We saw, in him, the Man and Christian meet,
And, gone, he leaves a memory behind,
Embalmed in love, dear, loving, lasting sweet.

Pause, busy workers, pause in your career !

The public heart with honest sorrow swells ;
Life feels the surge of grief, for death is here,
A gloom is on the city, toll the bells !

Rest, rest awhile, ye men of busy life !
The waves of time beat on the eternal shore ;
Rest, rest awhile, from daily toil and strife,
The **MAN OF MEN** among you is no more !

AT REST.

[Written on the death of Rev. P. B. Haughwout.]

MAY the earth lie softly on thy grave
O, thou of gentle mien,
And fairest flowers sweetly bloom
Upon thy bed of green !

But yesterday thy manly form
With life was all aglow,
To-day, we lay thee down to rest,
Where summer roses grow.

So silently thy work was done,
So wrought in faith and prayer,
That all thy precious sowing here
Shall bless thee "over there."

Rest, gentle spirit, sweetly rest !
Removed from earthly strife,
Eternity alone can tell
The value of thy life.

Thy works of faith and love, well done,
The paths thy footsteps trod,
Shall all, like beckoning angel hands,
Lead on and up to GOD.

Farewell, dear one ! in active life
Though from us rudely riven,
In death, thy words shall come to us
Like messages from Heaven.

Farewell ! for loving duties done,
Faith-linked, shall come to be
The more than golden chain, to bind
Our hearts to GOD and thee !

SLEEPING.

[Written on the death of Miss Nellie N. Davis.]

DEAR one, so early called away,
To rest in holy keeping,
We stand beside thy form to-day,
And think of thee as sleeping.

The seal of death is on thy brow,
The ties of love are riven,
But, as we look upon thee now,
We see the peace of heaven.

No sign of pain, that tries us so,
Thy peaceful looks disclose,

But rest, such as God's children know,
The calmness of repose.

A life so good, so pure as thine,
And so devoid of art,
Shall bring thee nearer the divine,
The Father's loving heart.

Peace, weary sleeper ! thine the rest,
The rest divinely given ;
The blossoms lying on thy breast
Are types of thee and heaven.

While looking on thy peaceful face,
Our grief we may not tell,
But whisper with a tempered grace,
Our good-bye, and farewell.

LINES

[Suggested on hearing of the death of Mrs. James T. Milne.]

NO idle wishes form a part
Of what my better thoughts inspire,
Nor vain ambition stirs my heart,
Or moves the hand to sweep the lyre;
I feel, nor can I well suppress
The feelings, which, begirt with light,
Now come my weary soul to bless,
While thinking of my boy to-night.

I see, or seem to see, just now,
A creeping shadow on the wall,
The cold sweat starts upon my brow,
Lest I should see that shadow fall;
And so I think of you and sing,
Sing, brother, though my notes be drear,
And with my song to you I bring
My gift of grief—*an honest tear.*

We sail upon uncertain seas,
Nor can we tell what may befall
Our life-bark driven by the breeze—
We hope, enjoy, and this is all;

Oh, no, not all ; beyond the strife,
 Beyond the fleeting things of time,
There is, we know, a better life—
 A life eternal and sublime.

'Tis hard to sever earthly ties,
 And hard from those we love to part,
And strange, complaining thoughts will rise,
 Unbidden from the stricken heart ;
But Christian fortitude dispels
 The all of wrong that sweeps the breast,
And living faith all doubt repels,
 And stills the surging heart to rest.

Dark clouds may shroud the sky of life,
 And all a dreary aspect wear,
But love shall scatter inner strife,
 And hope its fruit of comfort bear,
Death may our hearts and homes despoil,
 Our hopes be scattered to the breeze,
But death, nor sorrow, grief, nor all,
 Can rob us of our memories.

What though thy home be desolate,
What though thy hopes be all adrift,
Look up and see the golden gate,
The sunlight streaming through the rift.
A little while and you shall see
The darkened sky of sorrow riven,
And with the lost you soon shall be
At home, with her, in heaven.

No more ; I could not well suppress
The feelings which, begirt with light,
So sweetly came my heart to bless
While thinking of my boy to-night ;
And as I thought, I could but sing,
Sing, brother, though my notes be drear,
And with my song to you I bring
My gift of grief—an honest tear.

EDWARD BUFFINTON.

A NOTHER silver cord is loosed,
Another call is given,
Another pure and gentle soul
Has winged its flight to heaven !

Firm as a rock, his faith in God,
 His hope as bright as day,
And nothing in this changing world,
 Could tear these props away.

Sweet sympathies were in him born,
 And gave him manly power,
And from his heart spontaneous came,
 As fragrance from the flower.

He felt the grief that others felt,
 When desolate and drear,
And had for every sorrowing one
 A word of needed cheer.

Just like an ever-flowing stream,
 His generous feelings flowed,
As from the stricken, bleeding heart,
 He tried to lift its load.

In homes where wan affliction sat,
 And weary mourners bent,
His gently soothing, kindly words,
 Like cheerful music went.

No wonder! copious draughts he drew,
 Of inspiration, from above,
And sent it, singing, here and there,
 In rivulets of love.

Peace, brother mine! peace, child of God!
 Tired, thou hast found repose,
And, from thy living, *good shall come*,
 As sweetness from the rose.

To many hearts thy songs of cheer
 Shall be a precious boon,
And those who knew and loved thee best,
 Will not forget thee soon!

*WHEN THE CLOUDS HAVE
MELTED AWAY.*

[Kindly inscribed to Franklin L. Almy on the death of his wife.]

I SIT in the chamber of sorrow,
 As the daylight is fading away,
And ask if the grief of to-morrow
 Will be like the grief of to-day?

While the rays of the solar reflection
Illumine the mountainous towers,
I sit in the vale of dejection,
Alone with the night-drifting hours.

And while the sweet dream of love lingers,
To silence the discord of strife,
It seems that some angelic fingers
Are writing the story of life.

I turn to the page that is written,
And read, half bewildered with pain,
“O, child, though the Father has smitten,
He will heal in the morning again.”

Though the mountains are shorn of their splen-
There is peace in the valleys below ; [dor,
So be still, for the Father will render
What is best for an agonized woe.

The sorrow that drifts into sadness,
And darkens the sun-lighted day,
Shall blossom again into gladness
When the clouds have all melted away.

For I know that on some to-morrow,
The Father will answer my prayer ;
So, brother, I come in your sorrow
This sprig of affection to bear.

FAREWELL.

[Written on the death of Mrs. Velona W. Haughwout.]

FAREWELL ! Since God, we know not
Has taken back the life He gave, [why,
And scarcely yet the tears are dry,
So lately shed upon her grave ;

And since upon her fair, young brow,
The signet-seal of death is prest,
And all that is immortal, now
Lives in unbroken rest,

Farewell ! The clouds their dewy tears
Shall shed upon the verdant sod,
And weeping hearts, through future years,
Shall sigh their vain regrets to God.

The birds their morning songs shall sing,
And sorrow drape the bending skies,
And Love her sweetest gifts shall bring,
To deck the spot where goodness lies.

Love shall her memory entwine—
And hold it sacred evermore,
And the calm stars as sweetly shine,
And soft as they have shone before.

And days shall come, and days shall go,
And years their widening circles run,
And vines shall climb, and blossoms blow,
'Till loving, grieving shall be done.

But changing years, nor crushing care,
Nor thoughtless words, unkindly said,
Shall ever from our bosoms tear,
The love we cherish for the dead.

Farewell! Beyond the drift of years,
Beyond the hurt or *touch* of pain,
Beyond the weeping and the tears,
Loved ones shall meet again.

Meet, and where parting is no more,
Where love and joy perpetual dwell;
Upon the brighter, fairer shore;
'Till then, a sweet farewell!

LINES

[Written on the death of Miss Lizzie D. Carr.]

This faltering verse, which thou
Shalt not o'erlook, is all I have
To offer at thy grave.—*Bryant.*

SING, oh my Muse, your sweetest music sing,
In notes of tender sympathy and cheer!
Oh, Grief! a sprig of pure affection bring,
And lay it softly on the sleeper's bier.
The heart beats quicker, and the thoughts
come fast,
And throw their shadows on the mournful past.

Another form has disappeared from life,
Another blossom fallen by the way,
Another soul has closed its mortal strife,
And gone, serenely, up the shining way ;
How true :—our thoughts are of affection born,
And love grows stronger when the child is gone.

And she has gone, as comes the blooming spring,
In all her young life's freshness, to the grave ;
O Love ! from out your night of sorrow sing,
The Father has but taken what He gave ;
The soul uplifted to a higher sphere,
Shall revel sweetly in its clearer light,
And every good that crowned her living here,
To her freed spirit shall impart delight.

We know it all, for we have felt the sting,
We would not have the grief of love depart,
Tears from the soul will all unbidden spring,
For still the arrow rankles in the heart ;
We look away as our dear, loved ones go,
And ask, but cannot answer. why 'tis so ?

To her, home, friends, were given but to bless,
For her a rosy future seemed in store;
Her girlhood days were one endeared caress
Of sweetest love; she could not wish for
more;
We cannot tell, (we leave it all unsung,)
How sweet life must have been to one so young.

When the heart's blossoms all are gone, and when
The light has faded from the once glad eye,
If for the pilgrim of threescore and ten
It is so hard, so passing hard to die,
How harder still for those their lives to give
Who in their hopes have but begun to live.

They look beyond the present, fleeting day,
And think to see the riper blossoms fall,
Not much they think of dying, why should they?
The youngest vines cling strongest to the
Anticipation dissipates their fears, [wall;
And gilds with golden light the coming years.

Why wonder that unreconciled they seem
As blooming hope gives place to dreaded
fears,
And shadows rest upon their fondest dream,
And in their thoughts they live the life of
years!
Why wonder that in helplessness they sigh,
As fast the fount of life is running dry!

We saw her last, if we remember, when
Upon her brow there was no shade of gloom ;
We see her now just as we saw her then,
In all the sweetness of her girlhood bloom ;
That Death should capture one so young and
fair
'Tis hard to think, and harder still to bear.

Possessed of grace and discipline of mind,
She was as pleasant as her life was fair,
Her heart was warm, and generous, and kind,
By storm unruffled and untouched by care ;
Hope all its radiance on her pathway flung,
And with its tints and many colored dyes,
Bright draperies before her vision hung,
And painted *promise* on her summer skies.

But little know we here, while sailing o'er
The sea of life, our skies with clouds o'ercast,
On what unknown, unseen, untravelled shore
Our frail and wave-tossed barque shall land at
Disease shall weaken, silently, but sure, [last ;
Shall give to flattering, cheating Hope, the lie,
And when we deem ourselves the most secure,
Shall say the time has come for us to die.

The week had gone, and gone the hours of night,
The morning blushes lay upon the earth,
From out the darkness came the rosy light,
And from the wreck of death, *immortal birth*;
Softly and still, as pass the hours away,
The shadows lifted from her weary breast,
And, sweet the thought, that sunlit Sabbath day
Became to her a day of joyful rest.

The leaves must fall, the blossoms disappear,
The loved and loving leave us by the way,
But every bud that withers with the year,
Be sure, shall bloom in everlasting day;
And we shall meet them in the land of rest,
And fold, again, the dear ones to our breast.

O dear young sleepers, give your sister place,
She comes to you in all her girlhood bloom;
O Earth, receive her to thy warm embrace,
And on thy bosom give her loving room;
“Affection’s *semblance* weeps not at her tomb,
Affection’s *self* deplores her youthful doom.”

LINES

[Written on the death of Miss Clara F. Davol.]

GONE, patient sufferer, and still
Thy loving grace the heart retains,
For, like the perfume of the rose,
The fragrance of thy life remains.

Thy gentle spirit, like a bird
Let loose from its imprisonment,
Soared upward on its lighter wings
To realms of calm and sweet content.

Gone from thy bed of weariness,
Gone from these scenes of storm and strife,
Be thine, dear child, the loving hand
To lead on to a higher life!

Not, not alone, thy loosened feet
Tread the immortal world of bliss,
For others, dear, that bright land share,
Who walked, with thee, awhile in this.

The bending skies look sunnier now,
That rest, to thee, sweet rest is given,
And dearer seems the rugged way
That leads to thee and heaven !

MABEL.

[Kindly inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. George H. Monroe on the
death of their little daughter.]

WEEP not, the dear child of your love
Is only sleeping ! [and care
She rests, and in a world more fair,
In holy keeping.

'Twas meet that she should go, else she had not,
She was but given,
And her's is now that sweeter, better part,
The peace of heaven !

The child of your affection, still is thine,
 No longer sorrow,
You may receive her, and from hands divine,
 On some to-morrow !

A little while shall she be out of sight,
 And she is waiting
To welcome you to realms of softer light,
 Is waiting, waiting !

Weep not ! the child of your devoted care,
 Is only sleeping,
And in a land, more beautiful and fair,
 In holy keeping !

SHEAF OF GRAIN.

Read at the St. Paul's Methodist Sunday School memorial service, on the death of the late Iram Smith.

A MID the joy of these festivities, [ories,
Where love is twined with sacred mem-
Where sorrowing hearts, with loving thoughts
are full,
And blossoms vie with blossoms beautiful,
Where aged pilgrims to communion come,
And children gather in their Sahbath home,
I look—but miss from its accustomed place,
One kind, benevolent, familiar face.

It seems but yesterday, that he was here,
Was with us, with his words of kindly cheer,
Calm in his generous impulses of mind,
True, honest, strong and peacefully inclined ;

An honest teacher, with an honest heart,
Who, like an honest worker, did his part ;
To-day he rests--his lengthened life-work done,
The cross endured, the glorious victory won !

Death, friend or foe, in his imperiousness,
Has crossed our path, and made our numbers
No tender blossom from its fragile stay, [less,
Have his rude fingers, ruthless, torn away.
No other break have his intrusions made,
No other dear one have his arrows slayed,
But one ripe *sheaf of grain*, we ask not why,
Has been transplanted to the world on high.

Gone ! over the river our brother has gone,
A soul, into sweeter surroundings born,
And the earthly ties, which death has riven,
Bind us the closer to him and heaven ;
But still it is true, as it ever has been,
That there must be grief in this world of sin,
But we know, thank God, that the *sheaf of*
grain,
We shall find in the other world again !

O, better than this, is the life to come,
Better than this, is our heavenly home,
For there, no sorrow shall darken the way
Of life, in the beautiful land of day !
And I have thought in my pilgrimage here,
Where life is so transient and love so dear,
That when I depart from this life below,
Like a *sheaf of grain* I should like to go !

OVER THERE.

[Written on the death of Nathan Munroe.]

HOPE fled as autumn leaves were falling,
And still the hours were full of cheer,
And voices which to him were dear
Were from beyond the river calling.

Each day but brought the day the nearer—
The ending of a life of beauty,
The ending of a life of duty—
And stronger grew his sight, and clearer.

Pain could not dry the well of feeling ;
And when he whispered in his prayer
The words of comfort, "Over there,"
Was God the life beyond revealing ?

Above the reach of human cunning,
Thank God ! and whither we are going,
Beyond the reach of present knowledge,
There are communications running.

We pray in confidence, believing
That what we ask in faith of Thee,
Shall, Father, in Thy good time, be
The measure of the soul's receiving.

And so, while death the end was bringing,
Joy was the burden of his prayer ;
And "over there" and "over there"
The soul and measure of his singing.

And as he felt that he was going,
Was going to a life so fair,
The passage to the "over there"
Seemed to him radiant and glowing.

His was a life of godly living ;
This life to him was dear and fair ;
But there was in the “ over there,”
To him, a life more worth the having.

What came within his range of hearing
We may not know ; but it was clear
That it was growing sweetly dear—
The “ over there ” which he was nearing.

When fading is this world of beauty,
Death has no terrors by the way
For him whose life through every day
Has been a life of loving duty.

And so the good man, patient lying
In something sweeter than a dream,
Heard music from beyond the stream—
The “ over there ”—when he was dying.

So death to him was but the portal
Through which he reached the “ over there,”
The land celestial, sunny, fair—
And entered on the life immortal.

LONGFELLOW.

STAND with me by another grave,
New, green, and tear bedewed,
Where loving ones have laid away
Their honored dead ! One, whose life
Was pure, and good, and sweet as
Summer blossoms ; with gifts so rich
That they shall sweeter, richer grow,
As time runs on. Our Poet Laureate !
Melody was born in him,
As song is native to the bird,
And music to the stream
That through the valley runs.
He touched his lyre, and from it,
Rich and full, came strains of melody,
Which through the soul sent resignation,
Calming it to rest, as the sweet
Words of Jesus, “ peace be still ! ”
Calmed, to repose, the Galilean sea.
Longfellow is no more ! Yet lives he still,
And will, while genius, into music wrought,
Shall cheer, uplift and bless the world.

Crowned by the gods was he when but a child,
And none could tear the laurel from his brow,
Through all the years he wore it, wore it to
the last,

And fresh and green. His life bore blossoms,
Such as children love, and all—

Uplifting was his song, as faith uplifts.

But one “Evangeline” there is,
Sweet creature she, and beautiful as sweet.

The “Hiawathas” now, must go unsung,
For the harp is still, and silent, too,
The lyre. The master hand that swept
Their strings, shall touch them nevermore !

“Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.”

“The Rainy Day” has come and dark it is ;
“The Building of the Ship,” is going on,
But the master workman is no more !

The singer of the “Psalm of Life”
Has gone away, but made his life “sublime,”
And left his “footprints on the sands of time,”
The which, some brother seeing,
Shall take heart again.

And try once more, uprising from the ground
To climb Fame's waiting ladder round by
round.

Oh man, oh child, oh poet of the heart
We give thee place, place in our humble
Song of memories ! Thee, friend, in whose
Great, warm heart, and nature strong,
Sweet Freedom nestled like a loving child,
And made thee true to Country as to God ;
We give *thee* place in our poor song,
Commemorative of our honored dead !
Earth has one singer less to-day
And heaven one seraph more.

Rest, rest, sweet singer ; brother, rest !
Long shall it be ere the immortal Nine
Shall garland such another brow as thine.
Farewell ! farewell ! Illustrious Bard !
Farewell, until, our life work done,
In the heaven of our faith and hopes,
Our dear ones we shall meet again, [still.
And love and friendship blossom sweeter

BURNSIDE.

THE grasses grow upon a grave
Where sleeps a hero, true and brave,
Around whose talismanic name,
Are twined the fadeless wreaths of fame ;
Whose life bore blossoms which shall give
Out fragrance while his virtues live ;
Who *earned* his fame, his laurels *won*,
Rhode Island's loved and honored son !

A man who never shrunk nor swerved
From fealty to the land he served,
Whose grave the veteran boys in blue
Will deck with green, with tears bedew,
And weeping Sorrow bow her head
In silence by the gallant dead ;
For oh, to-day, a nation weeps
Around the grave where Burnside sleeps !

No false ambition could allure
From right, a soul like his so pure ;
Enough for him that he could stand,
A guardian of his native land,

And breast the storm, that shook the State,
And well-nigh laid it desolate ;
Enough for him, that he could be
The brave defender of the free !

In war, to his command endeared,
In peace, a man beloved, revered ;
And when they laid him in the ground,
With martial, civic honors crowned,
A nation wept ! The night of gloom,
Fell, softly, on the patriot's tomb,
And weeping thousands, tearful, said
Their farewells o'er the sleeping dead !

Rest, rest, defender of the free !
Peace, peace, brave soldier, peace to thee !
Thy fame secure, no hand shall dare
One laurel from thy brow to tear !
Rest, soldier ! thou thy country's art
In every beating of its heart,
And well Rhode Island's sons shall see
No harm befall thy memory !

GARRISON.

A PRINCE has fallen—aye, a more than
prince !

A master—aye, than master more !

A king—aye, greater than a king !

A man !—a full-orbed man !

A man so full of truth, of love,

Of right, that every heart-throb

Bore mercy to some other heart.

His manhood began young, and grew in strength

And firm resolve, as grows the oak

In fiber, gathering strength

Until it bids defiance to the storm.

A boy in years, in strength he was a man,

With more of moral grandeur in his soul

Than any man the age produced ;

And more of moral daring in his heart.

So young a hero, he pressed right on,

Untouched by fear and unawed by threat,

Toward the mark of his high calling ;

Steady and true, unfaltering as well,
Speaking as man had never spoke before,
With heart and hand to fight “Oppression’s
Brutalizing sway, till Afric’s chains
Are burst, and Freedom rules the rescued land,
Trampling Oppression and his iron rod—
Such is the vow I take, so help me God !”
And fight he did, and with a tact and skill,
And with a courage, too, that would not yield
One inch of ground, no matter who the foeman,
But in grand keeping with what he had said,
Dealt his brave blows upon oppression’s head,
Thicker and faster, and with every breath,
Threw grand defiance in the face of death.
In all the walks of life no purer man than he,
No firmer friend to right, no firmer foe to wrong;
So true himself, he championed truth from
 love of it,
And made integrity the purpose of his life ;
And looked upon the liar and his lie
With cold contempt, and lashed them both
 to death.
A man he was in soul, in heart, in deeds.
Seeing, with prophet eye, what was to be,
He took his stand, resolved to win or die ;

And lived to win ; to see his heart's desire
Accomplished, his country free,
And millions basking in the light of liberty !
Great man ! as goodness makes one great,
Posterity shall honor him, so great ;
And in the coming generations
Good men shall tell the story of his life,
And telling, reverence him the more.
No work was nobler, better done than his ;
No sweeter life than his, no calmer death—
Dead ! no; he is not dead, but gone away
Like a dear friend, to come again
To cheer and bless us on the way,
When most we need his presence !
His words, his noble struggle for the right,
His vow, his firm resolve, his toils,
His sufferings, his pleasant face, his life,
His faith, his hope, his all, shall grander make
His manly conflict and his victory.
Be sure the name of Garrison shall be
Among the proudest in our history,
In all the years to come ; and time shall write
It high among the champions of right.

GARFIELD.

OUR dead, no matter where they lie,
On Southern slope, or Northern hill,
In memory are with us still,
And will be as the years go by!

Stand with me, by a new-made grave,
Where one we honored is at rest,
The heart within whose manly breast,
Was pure, as it was true and brave.

Of all our good and worthy dead,
Who served us well, and are at rest,
Among the truest, and the best,
The name of Garfield shall be read!

His bright example, noble powers,
His character, so iron wrought,
The sturdy lessons, which he taught,
His life, his death, his fame, are ours.

Upon the historic page, and bright,
Shall shine, immortally, his name,
Crowned with the chaplets of his fame,
And belted by a zone of light.

The bending skies shall smile serene
Upon the spot of his repose,
And every vine and flower that grows
Shall deck the Patriot's grave of green.

And pilgrims young, and pilgrims gray,
From hamlets of the brave and free,
And from across the swelling sea,
Shall weep where Garfield's ashes lay.

Sleep, soldier, deaf to war's alarms !
A nation folds thee to her breast,
Calm be thy sleep, and sweet thy rest,
Encircled by thy country's arms !

THE BURIAL OF GEN. GRANT.

AUGUST 8TH, 1885.

“Sic itur ad astra.”

Mournfully, tenderly, bear him away
To his rest, with the sepulchered dead to-day,
The Patriot Chieftain, the Hero, whose name
Is immortally writ on the tablets of fame;
Tenderly, tenderly bear him away
With the great and good of the earth to-day !

While the bells are tolling their solemn good-bye,

While the flag, he so honored, is waving on high,

While the minute-gun tells us our Hero is dead
And the tears of a sorrowing people are shed,
Tenderly, tenderly lay him away
To rest in the grave of his glory to day.

From ocean to ocean, from river to sea,
His name, through all time, shall the talisman
be

To rouse us to action, and help us prevail,
When foes from within or without shall assail,
And the sun of his glory shall never go down
From the place he now holds in his sky of
renown.

A people united, to their trusts shall be true
As blend they together, the gray and the blue,
The North and the South, the East and the
West,

United, are bearing his form to its rest,
And shall vow at his grave, forever to be
The guardians, alike, of the land of the free !

Tenderly, mournfully, bear him away
To his place with the sepulchred dead to-day,
Forever, forever that grave shall be ours !
Cover it, cover over it with flowers !
Mournfully, tenderly lay him away
To rest with the great and the brave to-day !

SUMNER.

“ His name and fame are his country’s.”

FOR right he stood as stands the rock
That calmly waits the coming blast
Of wind and waves against it cast,
Nor moves, nor trembles at the shock,
But seems, in conscious strength, to mock
The fierce attack, the dash, the roar,
Then, backward, hurls them from the shore;
His sturdy blows, knock after knock,
Fell heavy, wrong was made to fly,
And slavery at his feet lay low.
Sumner ! his words, his deeds, his fame,
Bequeathed to us, shall never die,
But brighter, purer, dearer grow,
And live *immortal* as his name !

AFTER-THOUGHT.

[Written on the death of Charles O. Shove.]

TO life, and all there is or seems
Of life, by truth or fancy wrought,
No matter how inlaid with dreams,
There is an after-thought.

The vine may blossom in the spring,
And happy by-gone days recall,
And birds may from its branches sing,
And then the leaves must fall.

And never rose or blossom did
From winter spring to summer day,
But had not, somewhere in it hid,
The canker of decay.

No matter how we watch and tend
With pure, and sweet, and loving care,
Nor how the rains and sun descend,
The germ of death is there ;

And only waits the hour to show,
How all that lives beneath the sky,
All, all that blesses here below,
Is only born to die.

After the storm, the sun ; and when
We see the life of beauty wrought,
We joy, and then comes death, and then,
Then comes the after-thought.

All, all, we cannot, should not know,
God mercifully veils His will,
And when He deals the hardest blow
As kindly blesses still.

And when the lesson I can read
In Nature's ever open book,
I look to Heaven in my need,
Nor ever vainly look.

As glowed the sky with starry light,
What could be asked of blessing more ?—
But I am thinking thoughts to-night
I never thought before.

I did not see it then as now,
When Hope was crowning Joy with light,
And love encircled every brow,
That calm December night.

For five and twenty years had gone,
And peace within the household dwells,
And joy, of happy marriage born,
Rings out like silver bells.

Sweet as the breath of summer flowers
The incense of affection rose,
And lingered through the fleeting hours,
And tarried at their close.

The singer, thinking, humbly sought
To give his thoughts expression there,
And ended, what he would have taught,
With this one, honest prayer.

“God bless your home! May no rude hand
Your chain of jewels sever!
And in this prayer all unite—
God bless your home forever!”

That night there were no yawning chinks
Through which life-cherished hopes might
No warning sign of broken links, [fall,
No shadow on the wall.

I did not see it as the day
I saw the broken column lie,
And read—" So shall they pass away,
So shall the strongest die!"

No, brother, little thought I, when
I saw thee standing, strong and true,
Thy days were numbered; no, not then,
Not then, but now I do.

Grief sits the stricken home beside,
The harp lies broken on the floor,
No voice is heard at eventide,
No footfall at the door.

Though gone, his love so firm and strong,
Is fragrant, with the living still,
And precious as the sweetest song,
Lives, and forever will.

As through the rifted cloud I peer,
The house not made with hands I see,
And think that I can clearly hear
The shout of *victory*.

And so, while that December night*
Is in my memory inwrought,
There is that gives me more delight—
The sweeter *after-thought*.

*Anniversary of silver wedding.

OUR DEAD HEROES.

WE honor the brave who their country
defended,

Who went to the conflict to *do* and to *die*,
We honor the brave, now their battles are
ended, [sky.

Wherever they slumber beneath the blue

Where roll the deep rivers in silence away,
There are sleeping our heroes, who fought
for the right,

And far, in his risings, the great god of day
Shall mantle their graves with his blossoms
of light.

Though our glorious banner again may be
shattered, [again,

Though the conflict of armies confront us
Though our dearly loved country again may
be battered, [main.

The fame of our heroes, undimm'd, shall re-

For, be sure, what is ours of honor and glory,
Shall be cherished, with gratitude, ever and
long, [story,

And the deeds of our heroes shall blossom in
And live in the measures of reverent song.

From the grasp of Oppression our country was
broken, [her,

All honor to those who went forth to defend
On their graves, and for aye, as a beautiful
token, [of splendor.
Sweet Peace shall descend with her garlands

They sleep, but their deeds and their daring
we cherish, [hand,

Their legacy, nothing shall tear from our
And never their laurels shall wither or perish,
While Freedom and Liberty bless our fair
land.

In strength and proportion, and beauty, as
well,

And up from their seeds of glorious sowing,
In fullness of measure and beauty shall swell
The fruitage of Liberty, steadily growing.

Tread gently, then, soldier, the hallowed
ground through, [rose,

And bind with your garlands the laurel and
Be true to the dead, to your country be true,
And guard well the graves where your com-
rades repose.

FLOWERS FOR THEIR GRAVES.

THE dying spring its sweetest breath
Breathes on the path of life and death,
And green-clad fields and grassy sod
Lift up their eyes of bloom to God,
And benedictions, sweet, descend
Where joy and sorrow meet and blend.

Amid this bloom, with no alarms
Of war, no call to arms, to arms,
From North or South, and no affright,
No looking forward to the fight,
No arm to strike the deadly blow,
No severed States, no hostile foe ;

But with one banner floating free
As ever, over land and sea,
And full of prophecies, as high
As when, at first, it kissed the sky,
A nation comes to crown its grief
With timely gifts of bloom and leaf !

Where sleep the gray, where sleep the blue,
The sod is moistened with the dew;
And over Northern, Southern graves
The flag of Freedom proudly waves,
And shields and guards the altar fires
Bequeathed us by our patriot sires.

Tread lightly, soldier, softly tread
The hallowed ground where rest our dead !
And, true to duty, kindly bring,
In love, the sweetest flowers of spring ;
And Freedom's garlands, trustful lay
Upon your comrades' graves to-day.

Peace to the sleepers ! Our behest
Is, watch and guard their place of rest !
And may the faith and love increase
Which bind us in the bonds of peace !
Peace to the sleepers ! blue or gray,
No matter where their ashes lay !

Peace to the sleepers ! Softly tread
The hallowed ground where rest our dead !
And, true to duty, kindly bring,
In love, the sweetest bloom of spring,
And Freedom's garlands, trustful, lay
Upon your comrades' graves to-day.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

THE clock strikes twelve! 'Tis midnight now,
And all the jewels on night's brow
Are hid from sight; one sky of cloud
Conceals them like a sable shroud;
One rayless void of darkness lies
Between me and the starlit skies;
I look for light, now here, now there,
But blackness meets me everywhere.

I sleep awhile. The clock strikes three!
I look to see what I can see,
And lo! the skies are clear and fair,
And stars are shining everywhere;
The silvery moon sails on her way,
To pale before the coming day;
The storm is passed, the gloom is gone,
And light is out of darkness born.

I did not dream, last night, how soon
Again it would be sunny noon;
For, looking, all that I could see
Was gloom and darkness shrouding me.
And so when troubles banish light,
And my poor soul is dark as night,
I would be still, for it may be
God's day of joy is nearest me!

RESIGNATION.

IN countless homes where death has been,
Life's brightest hopes in ruin lie;
And while we grieve, our sympathies
Go, world-wide, where the mourners sigh.

We know not what the dear God means ;
Maybe by grief our souls He's fitting
(As diamonds are ground and made)
All ready for their costly setting.

Though all are gone when needed most,
Still are we thankful for the giving ;
Dear ones are dead, but God is good ;
So let us think of them as living.

The grave were but the dreaded goal,
The end of all our hopes and planning,
If, looking out, we could not see
God's bow its gloomy outlines spanning.

And as we look our hopes return, [stronger ;
Our wavering faith grows strong and
And when we know 'twill not be long,
We only wait a little longer.

So yield we to the Father's will,
Our all to His strong hand resigning ;
Convinced how foolish our attempts
To alter aught of His designing.

UNCLE JIM.

YOU may talk, Ned, as much as you please,
Say everything biting you can,
But, surely, in this we agree--
Uncle Jim was a love of a man.

Of limited meams, still, he had
Enough, and a little to spare,
And he loved with the sorrowing poor
The bread of his table to share.

His clothing was simple and neat,
Though a little old-fashioned in style,
And the leather that covered his feet,
Provocative was of a smile.

Uncle Jim cared little for that,
For, in spite of his looks or his name,
His coat, his boots or his hat,
His *manhood* was ever the same.

Not partial to fashion or show,
Unselfish, *unmarried*, as well,
He had no words to bestow,
Of hate on the *shrew* or the *swell*.

Unlike most of bachelors, he
Was of thoughtful and generous mind,
From the follies of life he was free,
And ever *forgiving* and *kind*.

To the poor he never would say,
“I have nothing for you, so depart,” [pray—
But would talk with them, laugh with them,
And give from his *greatness* of heart.

Yes, prayed with the children of need,
And all their infirmities shared ;
A Christian in *heart* and in *deed*,
Whose *life* with his *piety* squared.

Of charity, ample his stock,
In *works*, with the best, not behind ;
His *faith* was as firm as a rock,
And he labored for GOD and mankind.

The record eternity keeps,
The range of his life-service bounds ;
Love hallows the spot where he sleeps,
And *goodness* his memory crowns.

GOD'S WILL, NOT OURS.

WHERE grows the grain the workmen go
And reap and bind the ripened sheaves,
While hard or soft the north winds blow,
And play, among the leaves ;
The garden in its faded bloom,
O'er which autumnal shadows play,
Is preaching, in its waste and gloom,
Of beauty and decay.

So Death, the reaper, comes at will,
And takes away the good and pure ;—
Dead flower ! Complaining heart, be still,
And patiently endure !—
Endure, nor murmur at the God,
Nor question, child, His loving sway,
Who wills the blessing and the rod,
The darkness and the day.

*Fragments.**REST.*

GO north, go south, go east, go west,
Go everywhere in search of rest,
'Tis all in vain ; the rest will be,
If found at all, the nearest thee !

JOY.

In vain the singers all may sing
Their songs, the sweetest and the best,
The joy that you would have them bring,
Must bud and blossom in your breast !

HAPPINESS.

Why seek for happiness abroad !
Why other seas and lands explore,
When what you seek, this gift of GOD,
In all its wealth, is at your door ?

CURIOSITY.

First, in the eye, desire to see,
Next, in the heart, desire to know ;
To see and know, and then to be—
And ending in our overthrow.

NIGHT.

Below the far horizon's rim
The sun has disappeared;
Gone, too, the twilight shadows,
And the dreams they half evoked;
Silent the marts of busy industries,
The stir and whirl of life;
Slowly the curtains fall, and
Darkness, silent as the falling snow,
Mantles the earth. 'Tis night!

MORNING.

Refreshing to the heart
The new-born morning brings,
And over all the waiting earth
The flush of beauty flings;
Light streams afar o'er hill and dale,
And blushes sweetly in the vale.

CANDOR.

Not silver-tongued is candor,
Like those who talk but to be heard,
And, for the moment, but to win applause ;
But is of speech both plain and honest ;
To some severe, but not unkind ;
To all, firm, plain and true,
Well-meaning ever, ever thoughtful, too ;
No empiric, impostor, knave or cheat,
But open-handed, honest, just and brave,
And never wounding for the wounding's sake,
Nor ever healing where it is not best ;
Of good intent, it criticises fair,
And of the critic's many weapons is
The highest, sharpest arrow of them all.
You cannot buy it, for 'tis not for sale,
And holds its worth when other jewels fail.

HONESTY.

To be honest, Christian we must be ;
So to be Christian, it is plain to see,
One must be honest as the flowers are sweet,
At home, in store, at church, and on the street.

INNOCENCE.

Pure as the blush of rosy morn,
Never suspecting, undefiled,
A something that is heaven born,
And stainless as a child.

PATIENCE.

Work on, and wait; work slow; dig deep;
The spring lies hidden far below;
Plough, sow, and wait, and you shall reap
A harvest greater than you know!

Work hard! Who works the hardest, will,
No matter what the world may preach,
Find riches, honor, on the hill
Which scheming idlers never reach.

THE INGRATE.

Dispense your benedictions as you may
Upon the ingrate, they are thrown away ;
Your love, your gifts, the kindnesses you do,
But serve the more to bring his heart to view ;
When filled with blessings, given at your door,
He goes away, to hate you all the more ;
And not one virtue which the world admires,
The ingrate's dark and frigid heart inspires ;
Warmed into life by you, the viper brings
To bear upon your character his stings ;
And having stung you, turns, and looks again,
And laughs to see you writhing in your pain.

TRUSTFULNESS.

It is the giving up of all to God,
Obedient, as well, to His commands ;
The banishing of self from all our thoughts,
A yielding up of life into His hands ;
And with a sense of sweet security,
To lay the head upon the Father's breast,
And, free from doubt, as well from danger free,
Find, near His heart, and on His bosom, rest !

LOVE.

Love sweetens life,
And lifts the shadows from the heart,
And lightens every care,
And in a world of death, lives on !

INFLUENCE.

THE little stone, at random thrown,
Falls in the stream, is seen no more;
The waves it makes, go, landward borne,
And reach the distant shore.

A word once said, an act once done,
Are past recall, are past control;
But they may live, when we are gone,
To mar or make the soul.

For, sure, in life, the smallest act
Becomes what none of us can see,
For good or bad a telling fact
In Heaven's registry.

The word—its course we may not see,
But, spoken, lives and grows, until,
Beyond our guessing, it shall be
A force for good or ill.

TO-MORROW.

WHEN will it end, (so long it seemed)
This spell of wearing sorrow ?
An angel touched me, so I dreamed,
And, whispering, said to-morrow !

In patience bear your strain of grief,
Though hope seem almost banished,
For then, my child, shall come relief,
Soon as the night has vanished !

EVENING.

THE morning has departed, and the day;
The glow of twilight fades ; the flower
Is hid from sight ; the shadows flit away,
As, like a dream, comes on the evening hour.

Friends, my *good evening*, is but what I feel,
As my good morning was, so *it* shall be
An honest prayer for your highest weal,
A benediction on both you and me :

GOOD BYE !

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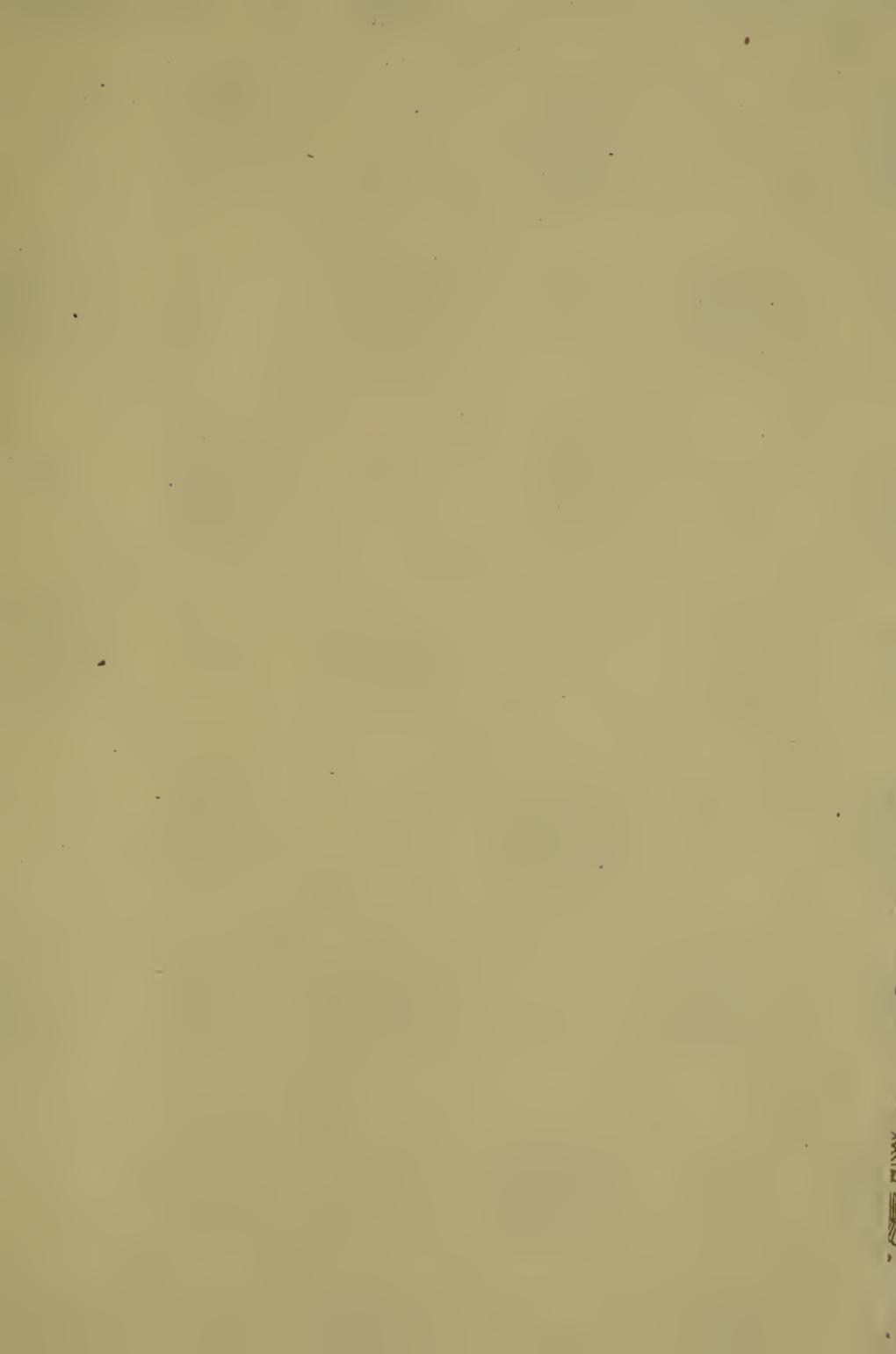
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